# Vol. CXVIII. No. 1527.

London, October 1, 1930

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM



by drinking before and at meals

Pavillon Spring Natural Mineral Water

recommended for GOUTGRAVEL & ARTHRITIS

# HOTEL CONTINENTAL

Facing the Tuileries Gardens

In the Centre of COMPLETELY Renovated Refurnished Rebuilt

PARIS

3, RUE DE CASTIGLIONE

EUGÈNE VELAINE, Managing Director.

# THE

CENTRAL HOTEL

The only Hotel with old Private Gardens. Commands a fine view of the Sea.

Oak-Panelled Grill Room.

Miss Hope, Manageress. Phone: 2037 Portsmouth. (BOOK TO PORTSMOUTH TOWN STATION)

# Dyspeptics and invalids can drink Doctor's China Teabecause it contain no free tannin.

HARDEN BROS. & LINDSAY, Ltd., Dept. 86a, 30-34,

Mincing Lane, E.C. 3

no free tannin.

1-lb. FREE.

Imply send 6d. in stamps
over postage and packing, a
evill promptly send you a 2-o
cket of each of the 5/- and 3
allities—making in all a fr
narter lb. of the world's fine
hina Tea. There is also a sup
ality at 4/2, a 2-oz. sample
which will be included on
receipt of an additional 8d.

#### NORFOLK HOTEL BRIGHTON

On sea front at Hove boundary.

Inclusive terms from 5 Gns. per week. Special terms for month or longer.

'Phone: Hove 4005.

#### **PONTRESINA**

6000 ft., ENGADINE

THE CLIMBING CENTRE OF EASTERN SWITZERLAND

All Summer and Winter Sports.

18 Golf Holes.

THE

Private Tennis Courts.

The Historic English House

250 Rooms and Baths

Self-Contained Suites

L. Gredig, Proprietor and Manager.

#### The SHAFTESBURY HOMES and "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Society has recently acquired Esher Place, Esher, where 170 girls will receive proper home influence and domestic training. £10,000 is required to complete the purchase and adapt the house for its new use. Please send a contribution.

1,100 Children always being maintained.

President: H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, K.G. Chairman and Treasurer: FRANCIS H. CLAYTON, Esq.

#### **FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED**

Secretary: F. BRIAN PELLY, A.F.C., 164, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2

VERY CHOICE

Wine Merchants by Appointment to H.M. The King and H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.

WRITE FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET ON WINES & PRICE LISTS.

153, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1

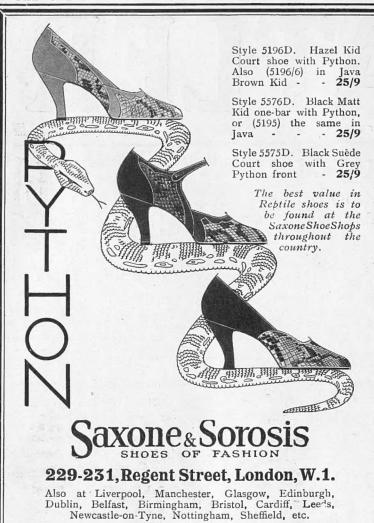
# Lasbury

Maker of fine Chocolates

#### HOTEL 200 Rooms. Boscombe, BOURNEMOUTH.

Running hot and cold water in Bedrooms. Magnificent Dance Room. Spacious Garage. 3 Hard Tennis Courts. Finest Food.

WRITE FOR BROCHURE.







In thousands of homes and offices, overnight or even during the week-end, the "ESSE" Stove left burning steadily and economically ensures a comfortably warmed room in the morning.

Fire is never out. Fill with clean, smokeless anthracite once daily.

Room 14 ft. by 16 ft. well heated for

**24** Hours for  $4\frac{1}{2}$ d.

"ESSE"

Ask for "ESSE" Book and name of pearest Stove Dealer from

Large variety of designs from £2 - 15 - 0 upwards.

SMITH & WELLSTOOD, Ltd., BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND. Established 1854. Showrooms—11 Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.; and at Liverpool, Edinburgh and Glasgow.



Vol. CXVIII. No. 1527.

London, October 1, 1930



POSTAGE: Inland, 2½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 6d.

Price One Shilling





#### H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK AND "ANDRA"

H.R.H. the Duke of York won the admiration of even St. Andrews' keen critics when, with a beautiful 200-yarder down the fairway, he played himself in, last week, as Captain of the Royal and Ancient. As in the case of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, golf comes second to fox-hunting with the Duke of York. "Andra" Kirkaldy, the famous veteran of the R. and A., had the honour to tee up H.R.H.'s ball



A snap in the paddock of Miss Nina and Miss Sheila Seely, nieces of General John Seely and daughters of Mrs. F. E. Seely and the late Colonel F. E. Seely, Miss Warrand, grand-daughter of the late General Warrand, and Mrs. W. E. Seely

AT THE RUGBY POLO CLUB GYMKHANA

Lady Glenapp, Lord Inchcape's daughter-in-law, tying up her son, the Hon. Kenneth Mackay, and Cecil Roache for the three-legged race for children at the Rugby Polo Club Gymkhana. It was a very successful entertainment and it has to be chronicled that the sun came out for a bit

Margaret McCrae, and Lord and Lady Chesham can't be left out as she is the great exponent of racing clothes *de rigueur*. It is quite annoying to find that, when you have made a wrong

Arthur Owen

early morning diagnosis of the weather, she always seems to have guessed right. Miss Betty Chester and Mr. David Burnaby were two perpetual optimists present. Both are excellent company, and the latter, in particular, takes a large and cheerful view of everything.

Dark red was the colour of which Mrs. Houison-Crawfurd's tweed was made; she and her husband were enjoying the end of the holidays preparatory to the start of the Christmas term at Weston-birt. This school has several claims to fame; she is headmistress of it; it is of recent foundation and the girls enjoy the unique privilege of being allowed to keep a horse, and what is more, to go hunting on it. If you knew this before, don't complain; I consider it very interesting.

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

"YR and exercise" is the motto for this week, my dear; in other words, the Western Meeting is first on the list of events. It might be termed the most "Ascotish" gathering without apology, for the standard observed both by the horses and their two-legged friends is comparable to the best traditions of the Berkshire course. The weather most conscientiously copied the June model, though to a less alarming degree. It was, however, responsible for the comparatively small fields, but as most of the finishes to the

races were extremely exciting, that was all that really mattered.

Clouds had their damping effect on the clothes, therefore there wasn't a great amount of colour in the paddock and enclosures. Given a fine spell, the new autumn tweeds usually make their first appearance here, but most of the Northern Lights were content to be on the safe side, i.e. the inside of a mackintosh.

Lady Victoria Montague - Douglas -Scott looked nicer than anyone there, I thought; but then I have a weakness for tall, slim people with tiny heads. Hers was adorned with a fragment of close-fitting fabric. Nowadays, when hats are so retiring, it is hardly possible to assess them at their face value, but Lady Victoria's had a great advantage over most. I don't seem to have registered the remainder of her outfit, except that it was brown and extremely becoming.

Lady Bute, who wore green and a small

hat cut about in a cunning manner, was mostly with her sisterin-law, Lady

GOLFING UP NORTH

Sir William Gower, Governor of British Uganda since 1925, Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland, chairman of the Unionist Party Organisation, Keith Steel-Maitland, and Miss Drummond, on the Gleneagles Hotel links last week

Those gifted with powers of intelligent anticipation as to what was going to

No. 1527, October 1, 1930] THE TATLER

happen next had lots to observe on the night when Mrs. Jack Coats gave a dance at Auchens. This most amusing entertainment is becoming an annual event with which to wind up the Western Meeting; long may it continue say the guests who

AT PERTH: MISS BARNES GORELL AND SIR TORQUIL MUNRO

At the Perth Hunt 'Chases run at historic Scone. There is no Perth Hunt, but not so many years ago part of Perth was hunted by the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire Hounds. Sir Torquil Munro of Lindertis, Forfarshire, is the 5th baronet and succeeded in 1919

might almost have harboured the gorillas which Mr. Coats had gone so far to seek. As a matter of fact, during the evening a fine specimen was reported to have been viewed. However,

on painless extraction it was found to be a guest of shy and ungregarious disposition.

In an attempt to tell you about the various fancy dresses, words might quite likely fail me. "The village cricketer" of Mr. Billy Corbett was superb; shrunken white flannels, attenuated sweater, school-boy's cap, and walrus moustache, all combined with pince-nez, one pad, and a general air of extreme disapproval to complete an absolute masterpiece. "Two minds with but a single thought " was depicted by the tennisplaying Collins Brothers; their champagne-bottle dresses were most convincing to others if not to themselves. I doubt whether, as the evening wore on and the heat increased, they felt sufficiently frappé.

Mrs. Alistair Campbell need

Mrs. Alistair Campbell need not have bothered to put "Stop Me" on her back, although she was an ice-cream; everyone was anxious to bandy words with her, though few can hope to emulate the repartee of which she is capable, in spite of Russian

consider the weariest journey worth while in order to get there.

We lacked a host this year as Mr. Coats is away some distance shooting gorillas, but his wife was equal to doing the honours for all in her snowwhite Cleopatra dress (I forgot to say that adequate disguise was the admissible only passport). Standing at the head of a red flight of stairs her effect was most dramatic. Every-thing that mortal man's in and out-side could wish for was provided in the ballroom marquee. Marvellous floor to fleeten the feet, superlative band to gladden the ear, quantities of gladiolas to appeal to the eye, and at the end an oyster and champagne bar for correcting any ten-dency to fatigue. Nothing was for-gotten. In the midst of the marquee the magnificent jungle of ferns and palms

ve been viewed. However, up to normal again by the le

AT TAUNTON 'CHASES: LADY SLADE, MISS BARBARA SLADE, AND SIR ALFRED SLADE

Another group in the paddock at the Taunton N.H. Meeting last week. Sir Alfred Slade used to be in the Scots Guards, and his seat, Maunsel, is at Bridgwater, and Miss Barbara Slade is his sister

being her native tongue. Miss Angela Muir looked so pretty that I quite forgot to take note of her dress, but Mrs. Kenneth Grieg, who had hidden her dark hair under apricot curls, was very effective and rather Empire in black and white American cloth.

M i s s
Lexie Wilson, as a
girl of the
n a u g h t y
'n i n e t i e s,
would have
brought the
house down,
only luckily
it wouldn't
c o m e, and
Mr. Ernest
Coats' dress
was reputed
to represent



THE HON. MRS. HOARE, COLONEL FORESTIER-WALKER, AND THE HON. MRS. BASIL MUNDY

At the jumping meeting at Taunton last week. The Hon. Mrs. Hoare is a sister of Lord Tredegar and so is the Hon. Mrs. Basil Mundy, who had a winner, her Lough Mor winning the Ilminster Handicap Hurdle Race. Colonel Forestier-Walker is well known in the hunting world and as a judge at shows, including Dublin

anything ranging from a low landlady to the "bride's mother." His make-up included bustle, huge gold locket, benevolent expression, and immense bunches of parma violets precariously placed.

Lord Inverclyde, thinly disguised as a cowboy, was there too, but his wife, alias June, has, to our loss, been temporarily absorbed by Hollywood.

With the arrival of October, London assumes the appearance of a vast arrival platform, while its population is brought up to normal again by the leisured ones who have been able to

put off their return until now. From every direction they come. Diplomats ready again to tackle the many knotty problems which come before them after a short holiday in their own land. less hardy of the Scottish contingent, who, now that the excitements in the way of races and balls are over, prefer the amenities of town to the occasional mists and draughts of northern moors and castles. And all those to whom such distractions as sun or cures, casinos or music appeal, have been kept in various parts of Europe during the last few weeks.

Only a mere handful have chosen this time to go away. The Glantanars, for instance, are spending a few weeks in Norway, that country which has become so much more vivid than it used to be for those who endured to the end of that weighty tome, "Kristin Lavransdatter," the reading of which was its own reward. Lady Glentanar, who comes from there, is a typical Norwegian beauty, with her fair

(Continued on p. 4)

#### TCHUE LETTERS OF EVE-continued



In the sea breeze on the North Berwick links last week. Lady Haddington was formerly Miss Cook of Montreal, and is a sister of Lady Minto

LADY HADDINGTON

Cochrane-Coward combination is to continue there, the fover should have been made much larger, for it was an impossibility to move about during the intervals so great was the crush on the

first night at any rate, and it's the sort of play which will mean a full house for weeks to come. How witty the man is, and how bitingly observant, and at times how moving. And with himself and Gertrude Lawrence on the stage practically all the time, it was three hours of sheer joy. All the world was there of course.

Lady Louis Mountbatten and Lord Sefton and Major Metcalfe and his lovely wife, who has only just come back from France, were in a party together; and other beautiful people who caught my eye were Lady Brownlow and Mrs. James Beck, who had four or five small gardenias over the curls on the nape of her neck.

Other regular first - nighters to be seen were Lady Ancaster and Mrs. Richard Guinness, who were together, Colonel and Mrs. Fred Cripps, Mr. Arnold Bennett and Mr. H. G. Wells, Lady Lavery, who was a vision in white with a cloak of iridescent taffetas, Frank Lawton, who was to be seen

hair and exquisite com-plexion, and her love of sport. Lady Robert Manners, who has surely more friends and less enemies than most of us, went straight off to France, where she is staying for a week or two after her return from Scotland, and Lady Gainsborough has sailed for the States. which has now become the home of most of our treasured trophies besides our Old Masters and objets d'art.

he great event of last week was the opening of the new Phœnix Theatre with Noel Coward's latest and most brilliant effort. Private Lives. It struck me that if the

PRINCESS GEORGE IMERETINSKY

A snapshot in the Row last week, of the younger daughter of Sir John and Lady Mullens, who as Miss Avril Mullens married Prince George Imeretinsky in 1925

all last week at the Capitol in Young Woodley and Mr. Lionel Fielden with his sister, Miss Joan Fielden. And Lord D'Abernon's massive head beside his lovely wife's small curly one made an interesting contrast in the serried row of stalls. After the play many of us migrated to the Savoy, whose popularity and gaiety neither off-seasons nor trade depressions can affect. It does seem amazing that while other supper haunts multiply and become moribund, this place is packed every single night. Among those who were dancing there I saw Sir Brograve Beauchamp and his petite and attractive

THE HON. LADY DE TRAFFORD

Another picture from North Berwick. Lady de Trafford is the wife of Sir Humphrey de Trafford and was the Hon. Cynthia Cadogan

wife, Mr. Ronnie Balfour and his bride, who was Miss Deirdre Hart-Davies, and another very lovely young woman, Mrs. Grenfell, who was Miss Joyce Phipps.

I reland gets very little advertisement these days except when English people invade it by invitation on Horse Show, Punchestown, and other occasions. The real Ireland is not apparent then; it is only when you browse about in unconsidered corners, among the mountains and down by the sea, that you can appreciate the real attraction of the country. A letter from the west coast just received gives the most alluring description of golf played on links overlooking a harbour with "Lough Swilly stretching into the distance, mountain-trimmed.'

Mr. Ernest Guinness has a place not far away, in Galway, where woodcock abound in incredible numbers. When he goes to shoot there, which is not often, his seaplane helps to make the most of every moment, Irish trains and roads not being . conducive to great speed.

The trout fishing there is wonderful too, Lough Mask being especially full of portly fellows inviting you to catch them. This, however, doesn't amuse Mr. Guinness, which seems a pity.-Yours, EVE.

# THE PERTH HUNT BALL



MR. NIALL RANKIN, LORD AND LADY SCONE, AND MISS DRUMMOND MURRAY

L.S

UH
(in f
TH
EL
ESTC
MR
R

LADY MARY CRICHTON-STUART AND LORD CLYDESDALE

The Perth Hunt festivities connected with the Hunt 'Chases at Scone were the big fixture in the Highlands last week, and the first of the balls was held on the 23rd at the County Buildings. The Sheriff's Court and other rooms devoted to far less joyous pastimes hardly knew themselves, as they were turned into gay sitting-out rooms, drawing-rooms, and so forth, the key-note of the decorations being the Murray tartan, by way of a compliment to the Hunt Preses, Mr. Archibald Murray of Taymount. Kilts for the men and tartan sashes for the fair sex were naturally in strong evidence. Sir Douglas Ramsay, who is in the lower group, is a Major in the Scottish Horse, was all through the War, and Lady Ramsay is a daughter of Colonel Alexander MacGregor, who was in the Gordons. Colonel and Mrs. Butter of Pitlochry brought their own party to the ball. Lady Mary Crichton-Stuart, who is with the boxing Marquess, the Duke of Hamilton's son and heir, is a daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Bute. Lord Scone, the Earl of Mansfield's heir, was in the Black Watch. The Hon. Elizabeth Elphinstone, who is in one of the groups at the top, is Lord and Lady Elphinstone's eldest daughter

MR. M. P.
HENDERSON.
L.S., AND
MISS
URSULA
HEASLEY
(in front), AND
THE HON.
ELIZABETH
ELPHINSTONE AND
MR. NIALL
RANKIN





SIR DOUGLAS RAMSAY OF BANFF, LADY RAMSAY, AND COLONEL BUTTER OF PITLOCHRY

# The Cinema: Despatches from Hollywood By JAMES AGATE

SUPPOSE nothing can be done to protect film-critics from the avalanches of publicity with which they are inundated. Is it complained that the metaphor is slightly mixed? My answer is that I defy anybody who has waded through these orgies of blather to do anything with a metaphor except mix it. The present flood started on July 30 last, when a Mr. Raoul Walsh sent a postal telegram to a Mr. Winfield Sheehan who forwarded it on to me. The thing emanated from Hollywood, was concerned with a forthcoming film entitled The Big Trail, and said among other matters: "Am rather hopeful that the scenes we will film in the Grand Canyon with its wonder back-grounds will contribute largely to the pictorial values of the production Stop have already selected the sites for shooting and when transferring Grand Canyon to grandeur film this awe-inspiring show place of America will be brought right into every theatre as it has never been before Stop." On the following day Mr. Walsh, now at Grand Canyon, Arizona, sent to Mr. Sheehan another postal telegram which said, again among other matters: "Am deeply grateful for your lengthy wire conveying the cheerful news that Mister Harley L. Clarke is enthused over the picture Stop likewise your mention of Colonel Joy of the Hays Office going on record that it is the most important Fox Film contribution to the screen to date Stop likewise the optimism Jimmie Quirk of photoplay after both seeing the rough cut Stop all of which makes me feel that the terrific

grind of four months has its compensations after all Stop." Then came twenty-three days respite, after which the managing director of the Fox Film Company began to write me personal letters on oyster, beige, lavender, and again oyster notepaper. The first little note informed me that, "In magnificence of conception, grandeur, thrills, and romance, The Big Trail surpasses any story ever shown. This mighty epic of the building of a Nation deals with the pioneers of one hundred years ago who founded the New World Empire of the North-West. Hardy settlers-Englishmen, Scotsmen, Irishmen, and Welshmen-braved perils and hardships in blazing the trail across the American Continent. Gigantic in its production cost, gigantic in its appeal, The Big Trail, etc., etc." The second note told me that The Big Trail cost £500,000 to produce. There is a little story here which ought to be engraved in letters of gold on the walls of every publicity-man's office. The story has reference to a scene in The Man From Blankley's. It was after dinner, and the vulgar millionaire offered Hawtrey a box of cigars, saying, "I shouldn't like to tell you how much these cigars cost." "Of course you wouldn't!" said Hawtrey, taking one and walking away. When will publicity-managers realize that I am perfectly indifferent as to whether a picture costs £500,000, £5,000, or fivepence. Almost the best film I ever saw, Finis Terræ, cannot, apart from the wages of the camera-men, have cost very much more than the last-mentioned sum. The lavender letter referred to "20,000 frontiersmen, scouts, and Indians, and 4,500 buffalo, elk, and moose." The second oyster communi-4,500 buffalo, elk, and moose." The second oyster communication, received yesterday, brings yet another hero into the field. Mr. J. R. Grainger, Fox Vice-President in charge of distribution, cabling from Hollywood says, "Screened Raoul Walsh's Big Trail last night. What Price Glory, Covered Waggon, Ten Commandments, Iron Horse, Ben Hur, and all other pictures are pigmies compared with this production. . . . Attending screening were several important executives of other producing organizations. They are unanimous in acclaiming Big Trail most colossal picture ever produced.'

I wonder that cinema magnates do not see that this sort of thing must ultimately destroy the industry by destroying



AL JOLSON

The "creator" of "Sonny Boy," the star of "The Singing Fool," and one of the most highly-paid film actors in America; his next big picture is to be one called "Big Boy." Al Jolson made his film début in 1928 in "The Jazz Singer"

the appetite for anything except the Neither the mind nor the body can exist for long upon dramdrinking. The art of painting would die if every picture before anybody would consent to look at it had to be proclaimed the picture of the year. Howlong would cricket endure if people felt like demanding their money back every time Bradman did not beat his record score? What would become of the theatre if all plays had to be the most soul-searing experience to which a theatre audience had ever submitted itself? What would happen to the Proms if every night the orchestra had to be the biggest ever got together in one hall? How long would people go on listening with pleasure to a brassband if it were continually instilled into them that nothing under a Monster Contest was worth listening to? There is this further point, and it is a prosaic one, that the industry cannot go on standing this expense. It was the efforts of the film-producer to outdo his rival, of the entire trade to beggar its neighbour, which brought the silent film to the verge of that bankruptcy from which only the new attraction of the talkies saved it, as I believe, temporarily. It is surely obvious that a halt will have to be called at some time and a return made to cheaper pictures, the taste for which will, by that time, and at the present rate, have been totally destroyed.

I should not think it necessary to say anything about the artistic uselessness of these extravagances if it were not that Hollywood has a very childish

mind in these matters. Take those 20,000 frontiersmen and 4,500 head of buffalo, elk, and moose. Every artist knows that given the Russian, German, Swedish, French, and, I will add, English producer of genius, just as much effect could be produced with onetenth of the number. No man knows whether he is looking at 4,500 cattle or half that number. Nor is he required to, the essential thing being that he shall have the impression of a great number. It has long been realized that on the half-a-dozen bricks artfully disposed will represent Harfleur, while five is the correct number of supers to employ for the army before Agincourt. Not four supers, because that is two pairs, but five, which gives a pair and a trio, the breaking up of the rhythm conveying the notion of quantity. Nobody objects to expense when it is really necessary and when nothing but expense will give the correct impression. Two capital examples of this are to be found in *The Big House* at the In this film we see some three thousand convicts, and I do not believe that they are any more effective than three hundred would have been. On the other hand, it looked to me as though the exterior of the prison was a papier mâché model, which destroyed the whole illusion and made the necessity for tanks to break open the prison absurd. Here is a case where, in my view, it would have been worth while buying up an old prison, if any exist in an old country, and damaging it. film itself is grim and morbid, painful and unpleasant, and everything which a film on this subject ought to be. It is quite the most interesting film I have seen for a very long time for it has the kind of power which would certainly characterize the novel which Zola might have written on this theme. It is only not perfect because Hollywood cannot conceive of an audience willing to sit through a slushless hour. Hence the bafflingly foolish love episode. This apart, the film is grand, and Wallace Beery and Lewis Stone give two magnificent performances. The quality of the film may be illustrated by one sentence of Beery's human gorilla: "If I'd ever known a dame called Myrtle, I'd have her kicked in the teeth!"

#### BRIGHTON



RACING AT BRIGHTON: THE HON. PERCY AND MRS. THELLUSSON AND MR. WALTER NIGHTINGALL



AT THE BIRDSALL SALE: LORD MIDDLETON AND HIS DAUGHTER HERMIONE

#### AND A YORKSHIRE SALE



ANOTHER BRIGHTON GROUP: LADY ADARE, MR. FRANK MORGAN, AND HIS SON RICHARD IN THE PADDOCK BETWEEN RACES



AT BIRDSALL SALE: LIEUT.-COLONEL LAURIE AND LIEUT.-COLONEL C. M. BORWICK, M.F.H.



AT BRIGHTON RACES: LORD AND LADY RUSSELL OF LIVERPOOL



AT BIRDSALL SALE: MAJOR GORDON FOSTER M.F.H., AND MRS. FOSTER

The Brighton Meeting in its earlier stage rather resembled last Ascot, as one of the days was partly blotted out by sea-mist and some of the races had to be postponed and put into the next day's card. The weather then behaved itself and all was smiling and gay. The Hon. Percy Thellusson is Lord Rendlesham's brother and heir-presumptive, and he and his wife are seen talking to the famous trainer, Walter Nightingall, and Lady Adare, who is a daughter-in-law of Lord Dunraven, is with another turf celebrity, Frank Morgan, whose son Dick is a jockey. Lord Russell of Liverpool, who was also racing at Brighton, has a seat in Sussex, Bury Court, Yapton. A goodly contingent of hunting Yorkshire was at the sale of young hunters at Birdsall Home Farm, which is close to the Middleton Kennels. The hounds have been in the Middleton family for generations but the present Lord Middleton was never Master of them. Lieut.-Colonel "Peach" Borwick is the present sole Master and hunts hounds himself. Colonel Laurie, who presides over London's magnificent mounted police, was in Colonel Borwick's old regiment, the Greys. Major Gordon Foster is the senior Joint Master of the Sinnington, who trace their family history back to the hounds of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. Major Gordon Foster has been joined in the mastership this season by Lord Feversham



AT THE PERTH HUNT 'CHASES: LADY LETTICE ASHLEY, MR. ST. CLAIR-ERSKINE, LADY DOROTHEA ASHLEY, AND SIR MICHAEL DUFF ASSHETON-SMITH

Lady Lettice and Lady Dorothea Ashley are two of Lord and Lady Shaftesbury's daughters. Sir Michael Duff Assheton-Smith is the son of the late Sir Robin Duff, who assumed the additional names of Assheton-Smith by deed poll

HE Western meeting at Ayr, followed by the jumping meeting at Perth, makes up a great fortnight for the Northerners, for even if the racing is not up to Ascot form there are ball dances most nights, not the least of which is always given by Major Jack Coats and is worth going all the distance for.

The Gold Cup was won by Heronslea, an extremely nice horse who must be something out of the common if Oak Ridge's form in this race was correct. It is odd that nowadays the Northern form is practically invariably a long way behind the Southern, though in the old and palmy days of Malton this was not so. This year Heronslea, Six Wheeler, and the two-year-old Disarmament have all held their own in good class company.

The attendance at Brighton and Gatwick was distinctly thin, possibly due in some measure to the Jewish New Year falling early in the week, with its ten days' heart-searchings of the past and good resolutions for the future

An enormous number of this denomination are inveterate race-goers, and if their good resolutions included never to lay the odds and always to back Jugo in small two-mile handicaps they would have had a good day on the Wednesday. For once a Victor Smythe good thing at long odds on went under in the two-year-old selling race, and Jugo, who with Brown Jack shares the idolatry of every man who loves a good horse, cantered home by a distance at the remarkable price of 100 to 8.

His owner, Mr. Richards, who compiles the well-known "Unofficial Handicaps," has a living example in this horse of the difficulty of handicapping "class." On the right going in a a small true-run handicap over two miles this horse is practically undefeatable whatever weight he may be set to carry, whereas in the Doncaster, Goodwood, and Coronation Cup he is just outclassed. But what a friend to buy out of a selling race!!! Invermark is another of Mr. Richards' friends who, slightly over-handicapped last season, made a short excursion

# RACING RAGOUT

By "Guardrail"

into "sellings" and then won the £400 Brighton Cup. about win the Derby if it was run at Brighton. Both these horses do the utmost credit to their trainer, W. Nightingall, and also to Mr. Richards for his knack in selecting horses with forged steel legs, platinum constitutions, and hearts of gold. Twenty-seven races have these two warriors run between them this year on the flat, and the jumping is only just starting! One hears so often of the confidence trick, and one can't help usually sympathizing with the malefactors for their ingenuity in getting away with it and their character-reading propensities which makes them fall in with a mug at first sight. They must have the most engaging of manners to get next them, and good staff work between them, but like all great inventions it is the simplicity always overlooked by the multitude which is the keynote of the entire business. Who would have thought of accosting a complete stranger in the Crypt of St. Paul's or even bothering to draw the building, but only last week two gentlemen were only beat a short head for 45,000 dollars out of this covert.

A muscled in on the stranger, and was joined by B, whose pockets were crackling with alleged notes, the result of backing a winner. A handed over some more of these notes (which can be purchased of all chemists in packets one size only and impervious to damp), and within ten minutes B returned having backed and drawn on another winner. The stranger was then put on one on credit whereby he won, he was told, the trifling sum of £60,000, which was brought in the same sort of notes in a bag. All the stranger had to

do was to cover a percentage of this money with a remittance from America, and it was only the refusal of his bank manager to let him have the money that saved him his stuff and led to the capture of one of the schemers. Yet one can't help feeling they deserved half the money for the very simplicity of the idea, so admirably adapted to the mentality of their victim; and anyway someone is bound to have it before long.

The action of the Jockey Club in the recent doping case should have a salutary effect on the small minority of users of 'winning wine," and the disqualification of the horse for life removes what little value he may have had for any purpose. Not so many years ago, for some malpractice, a steeplechase horse was disqualified for every race he had ever won, and they were legion, and the owner suspended for a year. No one has ever had a better laugh than the latter when, on his return to the turf, he won the £1,000 National Hunt Race for maidens with the same horse who



ALSO AT PERTH: MISS JEAN KEMBLE AND LORD FINCASTLE

In the paddock at the Perth Hunt Steeplechases at Scone last week. Lord Fincastle is the son and heir of Lord Dunmore, V.C., who in his younger days, when he was in the 16th, rode well between the flags and also to hounds

had by this judgment become eligible despite his numerous wins. The English polo team returned from America during the week defeated, but anything but disgraced. With a shade more luck in the accidents and illnesses of the team, they might have won one of their matches from a marvellous team of specialists with whose unlimited supply of top-class ponies and continuous opportunities for play we compete at a disadvantage.

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD



A FAMILY GROUP AT GOSFORD HOUSE

Taken when Lady Oxford and numerous members of her family were staying at Gosford, Lord Wemyss' house, near Edinburgh, with Sir Maurice and Lady Violet Bonham-Carter. In the group, left to right, are: Princess Antoine Bibesco with her daughter, Princess Priscilla Bibesco, Miss Laura Bonham-Carter, Miss Katherine Tennant, Miss Cressida Bonham-Carter, Lady Oxford, Sir Maurice Bonham-Carter, and Master Mark Bonham-Carter and "Butter," the dog

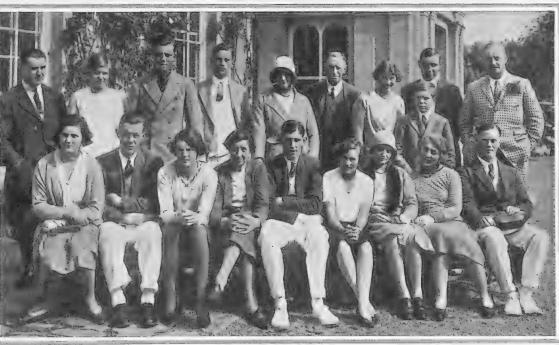


IN AYRSHIRE: MRS. PRYCE HARRISON AND MR. HARRY COTTRILL

A snapshot on the Turnberry Links, Ayrshire, last week, where the famous Lambourn trainer is having a little rest cure from his strenuous labours down south. Golf is far less exasperating than training race-horses and working out entries and weights



MISS PEGGY JOHNSON



THE McGILLICUDDY OF THE REEKS' HOUSE PARTY

A group from the Irish Free State of the house party at which Senator Lieut.-Colonel the McGillicuddy of the Reeks and Mrs. McGillicuddy entertained a number of friends to celebrate the coming-of-age of their eldest son John Patrick McGillicuddy. Included in the group are: Back row—Lieut.-Colonel the McGillicuddy, Miss Phyllida McGillicuddy, E. Gundry, J. Nelson, Miss Eleanor de Zoete, E. H. Courage, Miss Audrey Courage, Dermot McGillicuddy, Brig.-General A. J. Turner, C.B., D.S.O.; front row—Lady Katherine Fitzmaurice, P. Verey, Miss Ann Grace, the Madam McGillicuddy, J. P. McGillicuddy, Mrs. J. Benskin, Miss Susan Sperling, Mrs. Hubert Courage, and Colonel J. Benskin, D.S.O. Miss Peggy Johnson is in the last word in beach-suits and has shown Biarritz how the fashion in these things goes in the South of France. Miss Peggy Johnson is very well known in both London and Biarritz Society

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

Prohibition.

THE greater the hypocrisy of any law, the greater seems to be its popularity. For the law which makes hypocrisy legal seems to satisfy the cranks, and the simple breaking of that law also seems to satisfy everybody else. The more one reads of Prohibition in America, for example, the more one is amazed at the farcical absurdity it has turned out to be. But then, of course, every law becomes sooner or later a farcical absurdity which seeks to suppress human nature and to treat human beings as if, at no matter what age of reason they may have arrived at, or missed, they were ipso facto quite incapable of taking care of themselves. I have just been reading two American novels which prove the absurdity once again of all grandmotherly legislation. The first was "Parties" (Knopf. 7s. 6d.), by Carl van Vechten; the second T. S. Stribling's "Backwater" (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.). In both of them drink flows like water, the only difference being that, compared with a non-Prohibition country, its quality is both dangerous as well as filthy. To be a boot-legger is apparently to be a professional man, rich, powerful, recognized in Society. Where the law comes in I do not know, but apparently it makes the possession of alcoholic drink only difficult for those who in any case would not have the money to pay for it. If you have that money you may drink as much as you like, always providing that you wish to get drunk and are not particular over the palatableness of the means to such unprofitable oblivion. It is all very queer. Very funny, in fact. But then the work of cranks never did lead anywhere except to absurdity via persecution. England is full of them, alas! But in England they are much more dangerous than in America. For the police are a power in this country, whereas in America they are apparently only a polite fiction, never to become a reality unless face to face with the harmless and the helpless. "Parties" is, I presume, more a satire on contemporary New York life than an actual picture of it, but even a satire has to possess at least 80 per cent. of truth in it, otherwise it becomes simply burlesque. And Mr. van Vechten's new novel is certainly no burlesque. It isn't even amusing. It is more ghastly than funny. Ghastly to think that there should be such a number of useless men and women with so much money and so little to do in this world. Also, that any law should seek to prevent such folk from ridding



MR. HENRY MORRISON

The author of "The French Constitu-This book, started as a hobby while Mr. Morrison was an under-graduate at Oxford, has a preface by the French Ambassador, and is in general use at universities in Great Britain, United States, and Australia. It is at present being translated into German. The author is now engaged upon a book of similar type dealing with the British Parliament. Mr. Morrison is a member of the banking firm, United Dominions Trust, Ltd.

the world of their dull company by trying to step in between their monied uselessness and its inevitable result. The characters in "Parties" are so seldom sober that any day must be really memorable for them when towards tea-time they could only see one of any one thing. When not in bed life seemed for them to consist in nothing except going from speak - easies to night-clubs, from hotels to a cosy, comfortable, rowdy evening sitting around their own private bar. And every up-todate flat in New York has apparently its own drink-room. The hero, David Wastlake, had his so arranged that "it received the morning sun through a ceiling tunnel of graduated circles of glass. In the afternoon the lighting was purely artificial." It was a very gorgeous apartment, and the story opens with David, who had just returned from

a voyage to Europe, and his special friends sitting round the bar discussing what was to be done with a nasty little cocaine-doped gigolo who, out of friendship for David, had stabbed a German who was the lover of David's Alas! howwife. ever, in trying to escape quickly he had fallen down the stairs and killed himself. David's voyage to Europe, I must tell you, had been undertaken in order that he might regain a decent attitude to his own wife, a woman who must have been particularly tiresome, because she would follow her husband wherever he went,



BRIGADIER-GENERAL E. L. SPEARS

Whose just-published war book, "Liaison," is one of the best and most outspoken analyses of the fateful days in the great retreat from Mons and the subsequent check to the enemy at the Marne which has yet been written. General Spears was then liaison officer with the Fifth French Army which was on the right of the British Expeditionary Force. The book is certain to provoke a good deal of controversy

and especially to those parties where David hoped to meet his latest physical attraction. The voyage had not been so successful as it might have been, perhaps, because David was so drunk in London and Paris that he had been unfaithful to his wife in both cities without knowing anything about it. The gigolo problem, however, was not difficult to solve, because the police were squared, the young man decently buried, and there was nothing else to do after that except to let things go on as they went on before. Which they did. David got drunk every afternoon with his friend Hamish; they dined with Rosalie in the evening, and there of course sat David's wife, the uninvited guest, unwanted yet still pursuing. Later on they will all "do" the speak-easies and night-clubs, quarrel, make it up again, drink, repent, drink again, and drink still more to toast the alcohol of life. Such is the lively picture of New York life which Mr. van Vechten paints for us with undoubted cleverness. As a satire, however, it would have been more successful if only at least one of the characters had been better fitted morally or mentally for any superior existence than the silly one they led. But none of them are. So one can't take any real interest in the people apart from their back-ground, and this back-ground is really too full of bottles to be beautiful. In fact, one suspects the author of desiring to be more startling than actually truthful. And he certainly succeeds.

Rural Life on the Banks of the Mississippi.

n "Backwater" Mr. Stribling has given us a good story with, incidentally, one of the most thrilling accounts of a flood which I have ever read. Yet the most interesting thing about it is to compare his picture of rural life with its counter-part in this country or indeed anywhere in Europe. You may compare, I suppose, the Murdocks and the Merediths to any English gentleman-farmer families. Well, the Americans seem to have a livelier but much less happy life of it. Drink and money constitute the entire urge of their everyday. They think entirely in the terms of the latter, and having thought successfully, spend it on the former. Old Murdock has his own illicit still from which he supplies the needs of the neighbourhood. Everybody knows his profession; nobody objects—the law least of all. Occasionally the neighbours take the law into their ownhands, butitis never in the cause of justice, only for some private ends of their own. Which of course is the worst of silly laws. Invariably they lead to persecution and blackmail, not because the law has been broken, but because the somebody has his own private axe to grind, and there is no one quite so vindictive as the righteous when they know themselves to be more powerful than the opposition. As a matter of

(Continued on p. 12)

No. 1527, OCTOBER 1, 1930] THE TATLER

## "THE REPLY CHURLISH!"

By George Belcher



Tenant of First Floor Front (to Landlady): Wot d'yer think, Mrs. Davies, I'm going to be married! Mrs. Davies: Well, I begin to think there's a curse on this floor

#### WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

fact, old Murdock is the only one who really rises at the end to any heights of heroism at all. The rest are so busy back-biting each other and grabbing any monetary advantage that, when the test of character comes they are frantic only to save themselves. Which of course is always the first and last instinct of those who aren't particularly worth saving. But Mr. Stribling's picture of rural life on the banks of the Mississippi is a vivid and interesting one, and so different from anything like rural life in this country that it should interest English readers especially. Love of the country for itself is apparently non-existent out there. Nor love of animals, nor love of nature. One feels that they are living where they live, and living as they do, only for the sake of making money and more money. For amuse-

ment they dance and drink 'boot-legged" whisky. True, there is a love story running through the book, but one cannot take it very seriously when a girl refuses to marry the man she loves simply because her family was aristocratic, having been in the district a generation or so longer. However, as the result of a disaster, she does eventually consent to become his wife. Nevertheless, the characters are all well drawn, the story is interesting, the writing excellent, the picture which the author draws convincing and real. It is a novel which you should read, if only to comprehend something of American life outside the big cities.

#### A Pleasant Little Tale.

275

els.

In "The Loram Picture" (The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.) Mrs. Fred Reynolds also concentrates on a few characters, and confines herself to what became of each of them rather than how they all played a part in some definite story. There is a pretty, rather affected charm about the book however, which makes it a very pleasant picture of a large family who lived in the City of London in the early years of Queen Victoria's reign. The publishers call it a "leisurely domestic chronicle," and that is exactly what it is. We get to know the large Loram family when they are children. We follow them up until they have left the domestic roof either as brides, emigrants, or corpses.

In the beginning it is a happy and united family. Mr. Loram is a frustrated painter, who, later on, turned dealer in old pictures and old prints. Mrs. Loram is one of those kind, affectionate, brainless women whom one either wants to love or yearns to murder. Their children are all likeable. What drama the story unfolds is the drama of how a large family live happily together in childhood and then, as they grow up, drift apart, each, in spite of opposition, carving out a life for him or her self very different from the life which their parents had planned. Love, death, the yearning to break away—all those elements in family life which are at once so inevitable, yet so sad—this is really the story of Mrs. Reynolds' "Loram Picture." It is charming, it is very pretty, and although its atmosphere is the artificial atmosphere of a world seen in sentimental retrospect, it is a very pleasant novel to read.

Seldom have I laughed in that way which always makes people outside the joke positive I people outside the joke positively hate one, as I laughed while I was reading Mr. Elmer Rice's "A Voyage to Purilia" (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.). Purilia is the planet, let me add, where kinema people live. To get there the author and his friend Johnson travelled across space in an airship and arrived safely, solving all mechanical difficulties en route by the expedient of ignoring them. Arriving on Purilia they meet Pansy, a simple country maiden with beautiful manicured toe-nails, hair deliciously Marcel-waved, and the habit of being suddenly magnified at every emotional crisis. She lived with her old mother in a cottage covered by roses in the early spring, and

was being pursued by a wicked man who threatened to evict her if she did not give way to his desires. Two heroes, however, risked their lives in a train robbery, a wreck, and two death sentences in order to save her. Incidentally, the author and his friend Johnson made several other scientific discoveries. How, for example, certain of the inhabitants fell into floods of molasses and how the Purilians apparently existed without any means of making money and without any social problems whatsoever. It is, of course, the wildest farce, but a most delicious satire. It is a book of humour, disguising truth, of the first rank. I am sorry for the reader who cannot laugh over it.

#### Pleasantly Readable.

Tremendous Gain" (Hodder and Stoughton), by Paddy Sylvanus, is another pleasant variation on an old theme but without the distinction of Mr. Fraser's This time it is the story. Cinderella plot. Sophronia lived at Spinster Hall on Dartmoor with Charlotte, her widowed sister, who welcomed her, and Priscilla, who made her life as difficult as might be. Happily, the countryside compensated Sophronia for much of the unhappiness of her home-life. Alas, however, when her shares in the marriage market had stood high Sophronia had apparently turned her back on the opportunity thus offered her by her youth and beauty. Which, in parenthesis, was

really all for the best as it turned out, because just when life in Spinster Hall was becoming unbearable she met the man she could love and he carried her off to a country church and married her. However, after a month of married life it turned out that the man had a wife already, and that she was not nearly as "dead" as he had supposed. Sophronia of course refused to live happily in an illegal way, and it looked at one time as if she would have to find what happiness she might in that dreary kind of joy which is known as "doing one's duty to one's own better self." Needless to say, however, she had her reward eventually. happy ending brings a charmingly simple little story to its fitting close. It is a very pleasant novel.



THE MARCHESE MARCONI By Autori

The great magician of wireless telegraphy. It was in 1931 that the Marchese Marconi received the first signals transmitted by his system across the Atlantic from Poldhu, Cornwall, to St. John's, Newfoundland, a distance of 2,100 miles. Marchese Marconi prophesies that in a short space of time television will be installed in as many houses as now have wireless and that we are by no means at the end of the lane where this great discovery is concerned

We wish to draw our readers' attention to an appeal on behalf of "The Friends of the Poor" on p. xl of this issue

No. 1527. CCTOBER X, 1930] THE TATLEM

#### THE PLAYS OF THE MOMENT



IN "FREDERICA": MR. JOSEPH HISLOP AND MISS LEA SEIDL



IN "CHARLOT'S MASQUERADE": MISS BETTY FRANKISS



OFF TO AMERICA: MISS ISABEL JEANS

Raphael

"Frederica," Franz Lehar's new operette produced at the Palace, may not have as long a life as his "Merry Widow," but it is certain to have a very long run, for it is well-equipped in every department. It is the story of Goethe's early love for Frederica Brion, daughter of the pastor of Sesenheim. Considerable liberty is taken with the historical facts, but it makes a marvellously good operette all the same. Miss Lea Seidl is a beautiful Frederica, and Mr. Joseph Hislop a most sympathetic Goethe, with an excellent tenor voice. Miss Irene Thompson is in another big and recent success, the new musical comedy, "Follow a Star," at the Winter Garden, in which Miss Sophie Tucker is making all London laugh till it cries. Miss Betty Frankiss is a young actress who has had a distinct personal success in that bright show, "Charlot's Masquerade," at the new Cambridge Theatre. Miss Frankiss is one of André Charlot's discoveries, and was personally trained by him. Beautiful Miss Isabel Jeans sailed for America last week in the "Olympic" to play "The Man in Possession" on its production in New York

# AIR EDDIES: OLIVER STEWART

Captain F. E. Guest.

captain F. E. Guest has been protesting against the secrecy with which the Air Ministry surrounds the routine investigation of air accidents, and his protests must be supported. It is of no value to flying thoroughly to investigate an air accident and then to bury the evidence and results beneath the rest of the waste-paper at the Air Ministry. Unless the work of the Accidents Investigation Branch is done in the

comply with the Air Navigation Regulations. All these books, pamphlets, carnets, slips, sheets, folders, duly signed, endorsed, stamped, franked, registered, subscribed, superscribed, signed, countersigned, and sealed are a nuisance and a worry and an expense. They are none of them, or at most only one of them, necessary, and they are all of them hostile to aeronautical progress.

Pilots are forced to carry them simply to feed the insatiable vanity of onanistic officials. It may be that at present pilots are not often required to produce these authorizations and permits; certainly most of them could not do so if they were. But that is only because there is little flying at present. In the future the police, ever on the look-out for work, will start interfering—and then Heaven help the private pilot who cannot afford to keep a secretary solely for seeing that his papers are up-to-date and in the aeroplane. I beg Captain Guest, while continuing his protest against accidents secrecy, to use his influence for the reduction of forms and for an easing of flying regulations, and not in the opposite direction.

MISS PAULINE GOWER

A keen airwoman, and the first of her sex to become a pilot of Reading aerodrome. Miss Gower is the youngest daughter of Sir Robert Gower, M.P., O.B.E., chairman of the R.S.P.C.A., and Conservative member for Gillingham, Kent

open it would be a true economy to abolish the branch altogether. At present it indulges in a vice like secret drinking. It absorbs the facts about the accidents and then hides the evidence and the results away like shameful empty bottles. The agitation for the disclosure of the work of the Aeronautical Research Committee in the particular instance of the Meopham disaster misses the point as a result of the agitators not understanding what they were agitating about. There would be no object in holding the Account. understanding ing the Aeronautical Research Committee's sittings in public

provided reports of them are afterwards available. It is in the handling of the routine investigations by the Accidents Branch of the Air Ministry that the fault lies. I wrote about the evils of keeping the work of this branch secret about the time of the Christmas Eve disaster of 1924, and have repeated my complaint at intervals ever since; so that it is satisfactory to find it at last echoed by influential people. Captain Guest is one of the few influential people who understand aviation. He is a constant and courageous pilot, and he commands No. 600 County of London Squadron of the Auxiliary Air Force. But he should make it clear that what is wanted is public access to the evidence and findings of the Accidents Investigation Branch of the Air Ministry in all civil air accidents, and nothing else.

His implication that the conditions of issue of British Certificates of Airworthiness may not be stringent enough fills me with dismay. Already the renewal of a C. of A. cost the private owner some £35 or £40 a year in inspection, overhaul, and Government fees, and any further expense would be most unwelcome.

Captain Guest's suggestion that A licences are granted too easily is also a mistake. What is wanted is less paper and less official control, not more. Already a light aeroplane, flying from Stag Lane to Croydon, for example, must carry no fewer than ten different papers, forms, certificates, logbooks, licences, numbers, markings, and documents if it is to



AN INTER-CLUB GLIDING COMPETITION

The competition for the "Kentish Express" Cup took place on Sunday, September 21, between teams of the Kent Gliding Club (Maidstone) and the Channel Gliding Club (Folkestone) and was won by the latter. In this group, second from the left to right, are: Mr. Lowe Wylde, designer, and the Hon. Instructor Kent G.C. and the first A.B. glider pilot licensed by the Aero Club, Mr. R. B. Haynes, Hon. Sec. Kent G.C., and F/O (Dr.) Whitehead-Read, President, and well known as an aeroplane pilot

to flying, and Lympne may be grouped among those interesting aerodromes where a great deal, but not too much, happens. It is not an overcrowded aerodrome, it is of enormous size, it has no obstacles to worry aircraft taking off, and it is on the main Paris-London route. It is possible for the person of no more than ordinary aptitude to learn to fly at the Cinque Ports Club for less than £30.

Probably there is only one club where it is possible to learn to fly for less, and that is at the Norfolk and Norwich Aero Club. At present the rate is 25s. an hour at the Norfolk and Norwich Club, which is claimed to be the cheapest flying in the

(Continued on p. xxxiv)

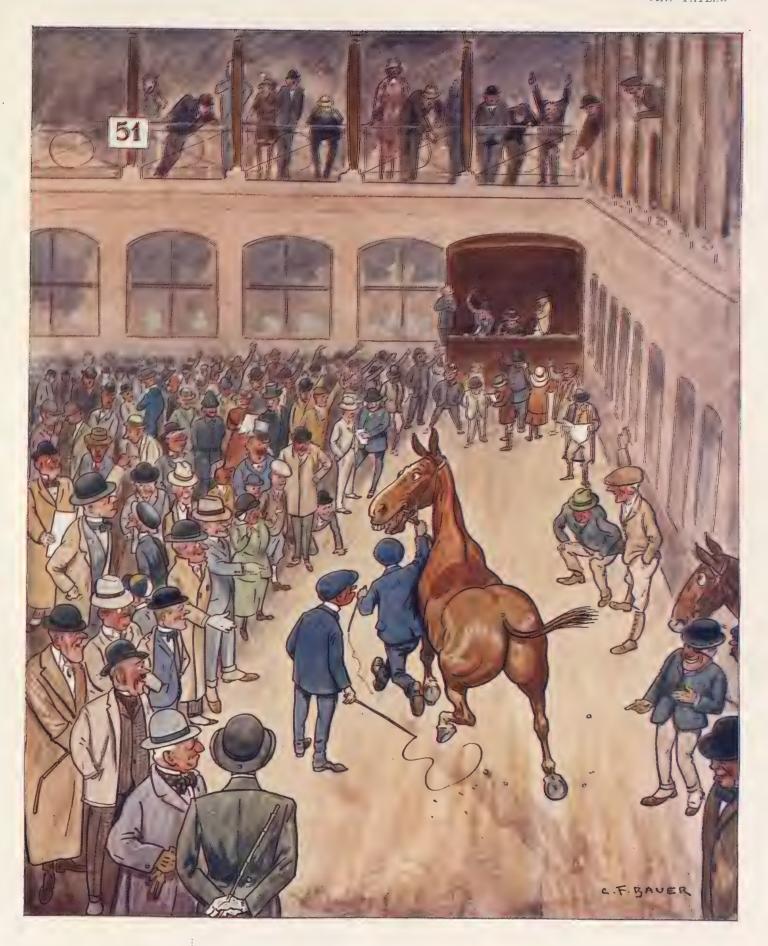
Cinque Ports Club.

The lifting of the Air Ministry's ban on the acceptance of foreign subjects for membership to the approved light aeroplane clubs (that is the thirteen clubs that receive a Government subsidy), has resulted in a large number of applications from people of various nationalities. The Cinque Ports Club now has Indian, Italian, Chinese, and French members. The Cinque Ports Club has been one of the most progressive ever since it started, largely owing to the work of Mr. Dallas Brett. The rates are extremely low, the members' entrance fee and subscription for one year being £4 4s. A monthly membership scheme is also in force by means of which a person may become a member for twenty-eight days at 1 guinea. The country round Hythe is well suited



MR. H. N. ST. V. NORMAN
The first private owner of a slotted
Moth, and who with his partner,
Mr. Muntz, runs Heston Air Park

No. 1527, OCTOBER 1; 1037]



THE PICK OF THE BUNCH

By C. F. Bauer

THE TATLER



MISS TERESA JUNGMANN

From a direct colour photograph by Bertram Park, exclusive to "The Tatler"

No. 1527 OCTOBER I 1930]



# THE PASSING SHOWS



A good impression of a bad place in this gripping play of American tenement life. In the window on the left is a Bolshevik Jew (Mr. Abraham Sofaer) and his daughter (Miss Mary Grew), on the steps a Swedish janitor (Mr. Campbell Logan) with pipe talking to the thirsty Mr. Jones (Mr. Edgar K. Bruce); in the window on right the German wife (Miss Grace Mills) of an Italian, the fat gentleman Filippo Florentino (Mr. Stanley Vilven); seated on the steps Olga Olsen (Miss Karen Christensen), and the boy dashing into the house is Willie Maurrant (Master Charles Hawtrey)

OUR train is slackening speed; soon you will be in London, one more ant in the swarming hive. The panorama, seen from your corner seat, has changed. The suburbs held patches of green. Now you are running into a jig-saw of bricks and mortar, with no splash of colour to break the pattern of slatternly squalor. Unlovely houses, gaunt tenements. What sort of life do the occupants carve out for themselves? Grey skies, drifting smoke, a window box, dirty muslin curtains, a man in his shirt sleeves leaning out of a window, a woman hanging out washing in a travesty of a garden, a faded flag in honour of some obscure celebration, a group of children, a lean, inscrutable cat . . . here are your pieces in the puzzle. Dusk and a light rain are falling. A bare gas jet, a shadow behind a tattered blind, the garish lights of a pub. In every room, at every corner, Life. Something in the unrelenting tangle of it all pulls at your heart-stringsif you are in a mood for brooding. Ships that pass in the night; trains that slip by in the dusk. Must men, women, and children herd together like rats in a sewer? Grime, poverty, love, hate, bitterness, pain, hunger, sleep . . . Death. What in the sleep . . . Death. What name of sanity does it mean?

The picture is inadequate, commonplace; yet it must serve for prelude. Scraps of conversation, fleeting memories of faces, blurred



FRANK MAURRANT (MR. DAVID LANDAU) AND HIS WIFE (MISS MARY SERVOSS)

Frank Maurrant is a stage-hand with dourness ingrained, and when he discovers his down-trodden wife philandering with the milk roundsman, he pulls a gun on them and kills them stone dead. It's a way they have in "Street Scene"

images, vague, disjointed trains of thought . . . the spell of the crowd is strong. You will find comedy, tragedy, farce in the Casino and the Supper Club. But somehow it seems artificial, unreal, a merc undercurrent. The main flood of humanity sweeps on in darker channels. To feel the pulse of it, the everlasting ebb and flow, is the mainspring of Art. You cannot be a great painter until you have stripped flesh from bone. You cannot write until you are kin with the crowd. To see Life whole, in one all-comprehending vision, is an impossible achievement. Understanding, however dim, comes in flashes. You cannot learn geography from a globe-map without turning it round and round. If one fragment can be mastered it is something.

Why, I wonder, is there a prejudice against the play, which is purely photographic? The dramatist's business is to select a certain slice of life and tell a story about it. Why the playgoer's appetite should be deemed to have been stinted if he is offered several slices of life and several stories is a mystery. Must every story lead somewhere? Must every story be a thing of watertight compartments, complete in itself, leaving little or nothing to the imagination? Isn't life one teeming skein of intangible threads? Isn't the drama concerned with life, first and last? Has Realism in snatches no chance with Romance in slabs?

18

No. 1527, OCTOBER 1, 1930]

The artistic failure of *Porgy*, that bizarre rhapsody in Black, suggested that we in London are only faintly interested in the life dramas of foreigners in general and primitive negroes in particular. *Down Our Street* hinted that there was only a modicum of entertainment to be gleaned from the slums. Will insularity and that craving to view life behind the footlights only through rosy spectacles which clothe it in the glamour of distortion or the flimsy of farce, will the suspicion that anything unusual is "highbrow" ordain that Mr. Elmer Rice's *Street Scene* at the Globe be numbered among the transgressors? Perish the thought.

Street Scene is a kaleidoscope of American life whose very cosmopolitanism is a safeguard against monotony. The only background is the exterior of a "Walk-up" Apartment House in New York. Occasionally brief snatches of domestic drama are silhouetted against the upper windows. But most of the action—or rather talk—centres on the steps and the payement.

The human bees—Americans, Jews, Germans, Italians, Swedes, and Irish-come out and go in, revealing themselves in a series of snapshots. Yet all the time the interior life of the hive is taking shape. Kaplan, the Jew, rants his sour Communism from one groundfloor window; Florentino, the plump Italian musician, laughs and perspires (it is June and flaming hot), praises Verdi, sings snatches from opera, and chaffs his jolly German wife from another. From the basement steps, Olsen, the Swede, watches his wife move like a drab ghost about her shadowy tasks. Poor faded Miss Cushing, martyr to an ailing mother, carries on her bowed shoulders the burden of wasted, all-sacrificing youth.



ROSE MAURRANT (MISS ERIN O'BRIEN-MOORE)

One of the few bright spots in the murky atmosphere of "Street Scene." She is the perfectly charming little daughter of the murderer and his victim. The character is wonderfully presented by Miss O'Brien Moore

late, and is wildly jealous of his wife. Mrs. Maurrant's sunnynature clamours for companionship, sympathy, kindness. She finds it, and perhaps more, in the milkman, a married man with two



BACK-CHAT IN "STREET SCENE"

Sam Kaplan (Mr. Leonard Sachs) of the weak knees about to be roughly handled by Vincent Jones (Mr. Charles Farrell)—"the taxi tough!" They are a nice bunch all round

The Hildebrands, mother and children, face the disapproval of professional charity on the eve of dispossession. Mrs. Jones, gossip and scandalmonger, turns up a righteous nose at neighbourly failings, undismayed by an Irish husband who drinks, a son who is clearly a bully and a "tough guy," and a daughter sufficiently primed by "hooch" to come home, sated with kisses, at three in the morning.

The main figures are the Maurrants, whose moderate well-to-doness suggests that a "walk-up" apartment is patronized by the humbler members of the "professional" classes. It seems to have no exact counterpart over here. The husband is a tacitum disciplinarian. He resents the unruly disobedience of his schoolboy son, speaks harshly to his daughter Rose if she comes in



MRS. JONES AND QUEENIE

Miss Margaret Moffat as that stickler for respectability, whose weak spots are the short-comings of her own family, a keen nose for scandal and her beloved hound Queenie, cleverly impersonated by Peggy of Battersea

children. The whole house teems with the scandal. Rose, the principal character, hovers between a platonic affection for Kaplan's son and the chance of escape which her boss at the office holds out in the shape of a flat of her own and a career on the stage all financed by himself. The boy's sister, a school-teacher, who has put work before love and youth, begs Rose to leave him to his studies which, in his infatuation for her, he is neglecting. Life, to this brooding pessimist and poet, is an agglomeration of horror to be rid of swiftly. His solution for them both is 10 cents worth of carbolic acid. No wonder Rose, vitally alive to happiness, pleads with her father to move into a suburban villa.

Then, while the bailiffs are carrying out the Hildebrands' furniture, and talk still hovers round Mrs. Jones' dog and the arrival, audibly heralded, of the Buchanan's baby, drama and tragedy follow each other with grim rapidity. Maurrant, returning unexpectedly and in liquor, forces his way into the

room where, behind drawn curtains, his wife and the companion who understands her are talking over their troubles. Shots are fired; inaction changes to action. Maurrant escapes, to be captured later by the police and led away to the electric chair. His wife and the milkman are dead. Rose, her future and philosophy, then hold the stage. How can love be safe after all this? Better be independent and stand alone. Of moral there is none, only a hint that the world's greatest need is more, much more, kindness, more toleration, more sympathy.

It is the atmosphere, the clear-cut economy of the dialogue, the hundred-and-one cleverly subdued touches of production, and the concerted excellence of the acting which lift this play a hundred miles above the ruck. The rugged strength of Mr. David Landau's jealous murderer, the joyous humour of Mr. Stanley Velven's Italian musician, the hint of stifled longing in Miss Mary Servoss' Mrs. Maurrant deserve special mention. Miss Erin O'Brien Moore's brilliant study of Rose is a thoughtful and moving piece of character building. Mr. Abraham Sofaer, Miss Grace Mills, Miss Margaret Moffat (with her inviting mongrel dog, whose stage name is Peggy of Battersea), Mr. Edgar K. Bruce, Miss Mary Grew, Mr. Leonard Sachs, Miss Millicent Green, and Mr. Charles Farrell, are among many more in a cast of fifty whose perfected vignettes are vital to the complete picture. An unusual, engrossing play, rich in truth, observation, and detachment. It clamours, intelligently, to be seen. "TRINCULO."

#### LEGER DAY AT THE CURRAGH





DR. KENNY, LORD PORTMAN, M.F.H., AND MRS. BOYD-ROCHFORT



MAJOR E. M. CONOLLY AND THE HON. MRS. MICKLETHWAIT



MISS CLARE ELWES AND THE HON. LORRAINE BERRY



MRS. HUBERT HARTIGAN AND SIR THOMAS AINSWORTH, M.F.H.

Some of the big crowd in the paddock at the Curragh the day Mrs. Mackean's Sol de Terre beat Lord Portman's Galhampton for the Irish Leger. Lord Portman is Joint Master of the Taunton Vale hounds and used to be Joint of the Warwickshire. Lord Altamont is the Marquess of Sligo's son and is Joint Master of the Blazers with Mr. Bowes Daly. Mrs. Barker is a daughter-in-law of Colonel F. G. Barker, who is Master of the Garth. Mrs. Boyd-Rochfort, the wife of Major Boyd-Rochfort, V.C., is very well known with the Westmeath. The Hon. Mrs. Micklethwait, who is with Major Conolly, owner of Castletown House, the largest in Ireland they say, is a sister of Lady Beaumont and was formerly the Hon. Ivy Stapleton. Miss Clare Elwes is a daughter of the late Mr. Gervase Elwes and Lady Winifride Elwes, who is a sister of Lord Denbigh, and the Hon. Lorraine Berry is a daughter of the late Lord Buckland. Mrs. Hubert Hartigan, who is with the Master of the Tipperary, is the wife of the famous Irish trainer and ex-G.R.—he rode Old Tay Bridge in the National

SIR ALFRED BUTT AND HIS SON KENNETH

#### THE ROUGH AND THE PRETTY

Pictures from Gleneagles Hotel Links



LORD AND LADY CHARLES BENTINCK, CAPTAIN AND MRS, CHARLES MILLS, COLONEL C. HEADLAM. MR. AND MRS ERNEST CRAWLEY, AND MR. OLIVER HOARE



WING-COMMANDER AND MRS. OAKLEY BEAUTTLEY



MR. W. BREEZE, MR. H. ILLINGWORTH, AND LADY CATHERINE WILLOUGHBY



THE MARCHIONESS OF MILFORD HAVEN AND LADY ZIA WERNHER

Even though we are now well away with the serious part of the curtain-raiser to the hunting season and the cubs are rapidly acquiring the know-ledge of how to become good straight-necked foxes, the season up north is far from dead, and places like Gleneagles, North Berwick, and so forth, are still packed. Here are some of those at the former spot including the main-spring of Drury Lane, Sir Alfred Butt, whose courage in keeping on "The Three Musketeers" is being rewarded; Lord Charles Bentinck, who is a half-brother of the Duke of Portland, Lord and Lady Charles Bentinck's daughter Elizabeth is Mrs. Roger Wethered; Lady Catherine Willoughby, the elder of Lord and Lady Ancaster's two daughters; Lady Ancaster was Miss Eloise Breeze of New York; and Lady Milford Haven and Lady Zia Wernher, who are sisters and the daughters of the late Grand Duke Michael of Russia and the late Countess de Torby

# PRISCILLA PARIS

RÈS CHER,—I am writing from the Island. I came down a couple of days ago in order to tuck up the Farm for its winter I think I ought to change its sleep. three-hundred-year-old name of "Bel Air" to Dormouse now that, alas, it spends most of the year with its shutters closed. Ah well, I've got ten bobs'-worth of a sweepstake ticket that stands me a million to one chance of winning fifty thousand quid . . . and oh, golly, if I did win, wouldn't I just spend half my time here! Bien entendu, I love my Paris . . but not all the time, and certainly not so early in the autumn.

went to one or two shows while I was up there at the beginning of the week. Saw the revival of one of

Sacha Guitry's most charming comedies, La Pelerine Ecossaise. (Wasn't it in this play that he began to make love to Yvonne Printemps, who was a delightfully youthful new-comer in the company of which Charlotte Lysès, Sacha's somewhat mature then-wife, played lead?) In this revival two very clever people-Madeleine Lambert and Charles Boyer—played the rôles created by Sacha and Yvonne, for these latter never, of course, appear in Paris after the summer holidays earlier than mid-October. But Sacha was in the wings holding thumbs, and (I expect) making everybody feel

damned

indeed

the

vous! So much

in the wings

sometimes he .was .almost in

full view of

the stage-box.

It's a job to

keep those two away from the

glare of the

foot-lights when

they are anywhere near a

theatre. Not that one wants

to, grands dieux!

At the Dau-nou Rip's wilting revue,

Le Temps qui Court, has also

been revived,

with Jane Renouardt leading the cast. She delightful,

and more than ever so in a scene created

Palais Royale .... 'Au

r'voir Gosse"! You ought to remember it,

Très Cher; you

Spinelly several years ago at the

is

audience. Yvonne was in

nar-

that



MADAME JANE RENOUARDT

The charming actress-manageress of the Daunou Theatre in her private quarters over the theatre. Jane Renouardt is reopening the autumn season with "Rips," an amusing revue in which she made all Paris roar with laughter by her imitations of Yvonne Printemps



Lancashire, the famous troupe scores all along the line wherever it or any of its off-shoots go.

Arib, Paris In Paris they have had an overwhelming success. All the Tiller Troupes are trained at the Tiller School in England

were there, and I took you round to her dressing-room. It was your first meeting. Spi cabled me the other day to say that her tour has not been overmuch upset by the revolutions and fireworks in general that the Argentines are letting off; the theatre only closed down for a couple of days. Presidents come and Presidents go, but Spi carries on for ever. Bless her. Saw Delysia also in Paris, "passing through" on her way back to London to join the rehearsals of the English version of Topaze, Marcel Pagnol's great success that has been running here at the Variétés for the last three years. In fact one forgets what a

he-Delysia-looked pretty fit and as brown as the nicest She—Delysia—looked pretty in and as brown to the holidays kind of brown boot. She had spent most of the holidays camping in the Pyrenees, somewhere above Cauterets camping is my idea of Perfect Discomfort, but the people who love that sort of thing seem to thrive on it. Have you noticed how mountain-lovers usually loathe the sea? They camp in the altitudes of the mistiest, coldest weather, and yet they vow that if they were at the sea they'd get rheumatism and what-not, especially the latter. They squirm at the idea of a dash of salt water, and yet go light-heartedly paddling about in patches of snow that they find even during their mid-summer climbs. I regard a mountain as an objectionable excrescence on the face of the earth, so damned big that it cannot be pushed aside or walked round; and the idea of climbing it seems to me utterly devoid of any charm whatever.

that, for instance, looked to-day like a lonely stretch of blue watered silk at midday and now is a huge grey, savage monster foaming at its innumerable mouths! The midday hush was so intense one could hear it, now—six hours later—the waves are crashing and the wind howling so loudly that one simply can't hear the slates as they come clattering off the roof! Well, well, it's a blessing that tastes in discomfort differ. Sans blague, however . . . the weather is rather upsy-downy just at present. Atmospheric conditions being perfectly daft this year, we are having October gales in September. Not that I mind. I really take the rough with the smooth quite pleasantly . . . especially when I'm by the sea. . . . I'm less happy on it!

Out of the window behind me I can see a wonderful raging expanse of water from which—thanks be, for their own sake-all crafts have vanished. Through the open door before me green fields lit by a pale yellow sunset stretch away towards a romantic village in the distance. My sturdy ever-green oaks hardly budge in the gale, but the—what does one call those trees that are all silvery on the underneath of their leaves?
—shiver and shake and sway. . . . They look rather like Victorian ladies ruffled by the wind and showing over-much white undergarment! . . . Poor dears, I feel I want to go and help them hold their petticoats down . . . so if you will allow my Transfer. will allow me, Très Cher . . . à bientot.—Priscilla.

SHINES

WHERE THE SUN

STILL



AT CAP D'ANTIBES: LADY BROWNLOW AND THE HON. MRS. RICHARD NORTON

Autumn having come in with such a high-speed rush in England, we have almost forgotten that only a few weeks ago we were gasping in a sun far hotter than it was then on the Blue Coast, where it is still glorious summer, whilst England is galloping fast towards her winter of discontent. Lady Brownlow and the Hon. Mrs. Richard Norton are sisters and the daughters of Sir David and Lady Kinloch. The Hon. Mrs. Richard Norton married Captain the Hon. Richard Norton, the only son of Lord Grantley, in 1919. Lady Brownlow, who is her younger sister, married Lord Brownlow in 1927. Mrs. Roy Royston, who is the wife of the famous young musical-comedy actor, was formerly Miss Laura Gould. Mr. Roy Royston made his stage début when he was only eleven years old as one of the children in the revival of the "Blue Bird" at the Haymarket. Mrs. Buckley, who was caught by the camera at Cap D'Antibes, was formerly Miss Thalia Barbalovo



### The Inverness Gathering



MRS. RODERICK MACKENZIE, CAPTAIN RODERICK MACKENZIE, AND MISS HENNESSEY



LORD LOVAT WITH HIS SON AND DAUGHTER, THE HON. HUGH FRASER AND THE HON. MAGDALEN FRASER



MISS ALLHUSEN AND LORD AND LADY CAWDOR



MR. IAIN HILLEARY AND MISS SWIRE



THE HON. MRS. VICKERS AND HER GRANDSON AND THE MACKINTOSH OF MACKINTOSH

Next to the Braemar Gathering, which happened in weather which was wet even for the Highlands round about the period of the equinoctial gales, Inverness ranks, and this year drew quite as big and representative a muster as usual. Of those in this small collection of celebrities who were there, Lord Lovat, who was originally in the 1st Life Guards, is the famous progenitor of Lovat's Scouts who did so well in South Africa, and subsequently he commanded the Highland Mounted Brigade. The Hon. Hugh Fraser is his second son. Lieut.-Colonel F. H. Allhusen, who was a 9th Lancer, served in Lovat's Scouts. Lord Cawdor, who is in the group with Miss Allhusen, married Miss Wilma Vickers, a daughter of Mr. Vincent Cartwright Vickers, and the Hon. Mrs. Vickers, who is a sister of Lord Chetwynd, is with The Mackintosh of Mackintosh, the Lord-Lieutenant of Inverness, and whose seat is that famous place, Moy Hall. The Mackintosh is Hon. Colonel of the 3rd Battalion the Cameron Highlanders

No. 1537, OCTOBER I, 1930



THE POISON BREW

By Leonard Potts



Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

No. 1527, October 1, 1930]



THE SOOTHING SIXTIES

By Blanch



THE SLEUTHS ON A VE

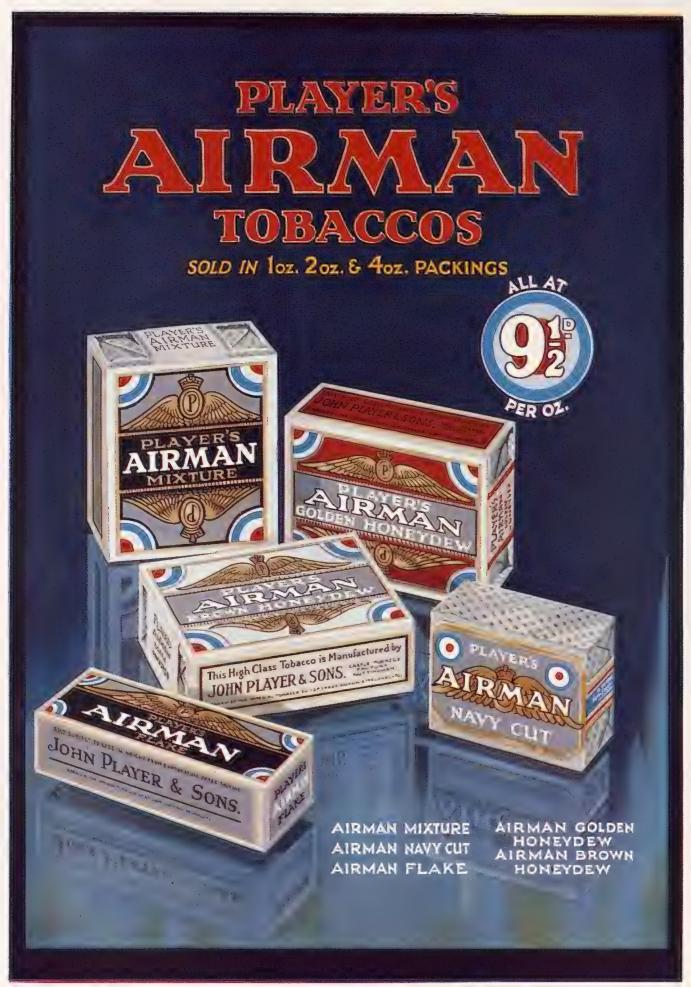
By A. Davis

27, October 1, 1930]



VERY HOT LINE

Davis



Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

No. 7527, October 1, 1930.



INVOCATION TO CUPID

By Webster Murray

# Beknown as a connoisseur of good whisky—give your friends



Haigwhisky

NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

# A LIDO REFLECTION



AN "ARTIST'S" QUEER VIEW OF THINGS

The names of the victims in this picture collected at a party given by Miss Elsa Maxwell a short time ago are, left to right: Serge Lifar, Miss Elsa Maxwell, Lady Abdy, the Baroness D'Erlanger, and her daughter, Princess Jean de Faucigny Lucinge.

These sketches are by Mr. Tony Wysard



AT CAP D'ANTIBES; MR. AND MRS. BLECK

## PLACES IN THE SUN



MR. AND MRS. CLARK-KERR



ALSO AT CAP D'ANTIBES: MADAME DE BERGENDORF



AT MONTE: LORD GRIMTHORPE AND MAJOR G. CARTWRIGHT



AT CAP D'ANTIBES: MISS ZANIA JOHNSTON AND MR. MAURICE ROTHSCHILD



AT HENDAYE, BIARRITZ: MRS. FREDDIE SIMONIS

These tantalizing pictures come from all round the sunny coasts of France from Biarritz to Cap D'Antibes, and are apt to make inclement England a bit envious. Mrs. Bleck, who is in the snapshot with her husband, is a sister of Lady Ashley, who was formerly Miss Sylvia Hawkes. Lord Ashley is the Earl of Shaftesbury's son and heir. Mr. A. J. K. Clark-Kerr was formerly British Minister to Chile. Mrs. Clark-Kerr is the elder daughter of Don Javier Diaz Lira of Santiago de Chile. Madame de Bergendorf is the beautiful Parisian artiste. Lord Grimthorpe, whose seat is in Yorkshire, was formerly Joint Master of the Middleton with Colonel "Peach" Borwick, who has since then carried on alone and hunted hounds. Mrs. Freddie Simonis, whose husband is well known in journalistic circles, is the acknowledged belle of Hendaye, that charming spot hard by Biarritz



### ELIZABETH ARDEN will do these lovely things for your skin

You have perhaps let yourself "go a bit natural" through these last months, deprived your skin of its usual care, welcomed the stinging breezes...the warm sun • Mentally, physically, you are EXULTANT. But how do you look? Can you honestly say your skin is as soft and fine grained as you wish it to be? • Probably not. This is not the moment for regret however, but for remedy • Elizabeth Arden has an exhilarating treatment to restore loveliness swiftly. She calls it Après L'Été. A creamy salve is spread over your face. It starts to tingle — you know something is happening. And it is! Your blood is scurrying to the surface, to flush and purify every cell and hasten the clearing process. Afterwards, fine creams soften your skin to prevent dryness and early wrinkling. And always there is brisk patting...done so intelligently on important muscles you can fairly feel your contours tighten • Improvement starts with the first treatment and each succeeding visit to the Salon makes your loveliness more assured

#### AND FOR THE CARE OF YOUR SKIN AT HOME YOU WILL NEED...

- VENETIAN CLEANSING CREAM... to be used with refreshing liberality after every dusty outdoor trip. Your skin achieves a new softness and life, that makes it readily susceptible to treatment 4/6, 8/6, 12/6, 22/6
- VENETIAN ARDENA SKIN TONIC ...because it awakens and stimulates every cell...because it steadily lightens and brightens and refines the skin texture. Revive your skin at least twice a day with a cooling 3/6, 8/6, 15/6
- ARDENA VELVA CREAM...an exquisite cream to soothe the finest skin, and to bring new softness and delicacy to the skin roughened by exposure 4/6, 8/6, 12/6, 22/6
- ORANGE SKIN FOOD... The mellow oils of this rich cream bring new smoothness to the thin face, restore natural oils to the parched skin 4/6, 7/6, 12/6, 18/6, 35/-
- PORE CREAM...to be smoothed thinly over sun and wind-coarsened surfaces with
- visible pores. To give your whole face an exceptional smoothing and refining treatment. mixing Pore Cream, Anti-Wrinkle Cream and Muscle Oil in equal parts. Smooth the mixture over your face like a velvety mask. Leave for ten minutes. Your make-up will go on with new silkiness. Pore Cream, 4/6 Anti-Wrinkle Cream, 4/6, 8/6, 12/6. Muscle Oil, 4/6, 10/6, 16/6
- Elizabeth Arden's book, "The Quest of the Beautiful," will tell you how to follow her scientific method in the care of your skin at home

ELIZABETH

691 Fifth Avenue New York

ROME

Telephone Gerrard 0870 BOND STREET W1

MADRID

ELIZABETH ARDEN LTD LONDON 25 OLD

PARIS



ANNA PAVLOVA

Who has returned to London for what, alas, is said to be her farewell season and has recently been at the Streatham Hill Theatre. There are many great dancers in the world but there is only one Pavlova, the supreme mistress of her art. The above picture was taken at her charming house in Hampstead during the now long-departed heat-wave. Pavlova, as the world knows, makes England her headquarters, and though she travels far and wide, always comes back to these often wet and misty isles

### BUBBLE & SQUEAK

OUNG Angus had been out for the evening with his best girl. When he got home he found his father still sitting up. The old man looked up and shook his head.
"Hae ye been oot wi' yon lassie again, my son?"

he asked.

"Aye, dad," replied young Angus. "Why do ye look sac worrited?"

"I was just wonderin' how much the evening cost, my son."

"No more than half-a-croon, dad." "Aye? That was no sae bad." "It was all she had," said Angus.

Sandy had installed a wireless set in his house, and on the hist Sunday he sat very soberly and silently listening to a minister preaching in a church. Suddenly he laid down his head-'phones, leant back in his chair, and burst into a fit of laughter. "Oh, Sandy, Sandy!" cried his wife, "what's up wi' ye?" "Wheest, Maggie!" he replied, "they're takin' the collection!"

What do you know about Cologne?" the teacher asked the class. For a moment there was silence. Then a hand shot up. "Please, Miss, that's where the odour comes from."

an anyone tell me," demanded a Hyde Park orator, "who did most in the nineteenth century to raise the working-classes?"
Yes, guvnor," replied one of the crowd, "the inventor of alarum clocks.

There was a violent hammering on the bedroom door. "What's up?" demanded Sandy, sleepily.
"Get up, sir! Get up!" cried the proprietor of the hotel, "the

hotel's on fire."
"Weel, weel, mon," came the voice from within, "let us come to an explee-cit understanding. Gin Ah get up, do Ah pay for ma bed?"

A traveller put up for the night at a little inn in Perthshire. Next morning he was approached by the landlord, who said he was delighted to hear that the traveller had enjoyed the cornet-playing in

the bed-room next to his.

"Enjoyed it!" exclaimed the traveller, "why I spent half the night pounding on the wall to make the lunatic stop!"

The hotel-keeper smiled. "Why," he said, "the cornet-player told me that the man in the next room applauded him so heartily that he played every piece he knew five times over!"

Wife: "Do you know of what you remind me?"
Husband: "No, but I know of what you remind me."
Wife: "What?"

Husband: "Of every little thing I happen to forget."

15

"There's a wonderful echo about here," said the guide to the man who was walking in the Lake District, "but you have to shout very loud. Now, you just yell, 'Two pints of beer!"

The man shouted, and then listened.

"I hear no echo," said he.

"Oh, well," said the guide, "here comes the inn-keeper with our beer, anyway!"

"Yeel, Jock, Ah hear ye've got married."
"Aye, Donald."

"An' what kind o' match did ye mak'?"

"Weel, Donald, to tell ye the truth, Ah didna do sae weel as Ah expected, but Ah dinna think she did either."

wo negroes were arguing about the merits of their sons as runners.

"Dat boy cb mine is a wunnerful runner," said Mose; "he can run a mile in two minutes but for one thing."
"An' what's dat?" asked Sam.

"Well, de distance am too great fo' de shortness ob time."

## Ciro Pearls and Sea Pearls



Photographic reproduction of the famous Ciro Pearl necklet 16" long (complete with gold clasp, in case). One Guinea.

## are social equals

They appear at the Opera together—frequently in the same box.

Oftener still they are in the same necklace, side by side,

contributing together that radiance which pearls, and only pearls, can shed upon their wearer.

They participate equally in social functions.

They are partners in polite circles

— they are affinities of shape,
sheen and colour.

The same in loveliness and lustre. Different only in origin and in cost.

Prove for yourself that Ciro Pearls are everything that is claimed for them. If you cannot visit a Ciro Salon we will send you upon receipt of a guinea a 16" Ciro necklet with gold clasp. Keep it for a fortnight. Wear it. And if you are not entirely satisfied, send it back and your money shall be returned in full.

Send for new Catalogues—"Ciro Pearls" or "Ciro Jewellery"

## Ciro Pearls

CIRO PEARLS LTD. (Dept. 8), 178, REGENT STREET AND 48, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W. CITY: 120 Cheapside, E.C. MANCHESTER: 14 St. Ann's Square. LIVERPOOL: 23 Church Street. EDINBURGH: at Jenners.

LEEDS: 38 Briggate.

DUBLIN: at Switzers.

MANCHESTER: 14 St. Ann's Square. BIRMINGHAM: 121 New Street. BRISTOL: at J. F. Taylor, Ltd. LIVERPOOL: 23 Church Street. SHEFFIELD: 23 Fargate. GLASGOW: 95 Buchanan Street. EDINBURGH: at Jenners.
BERLIN: 106 Leipzigerstrasse.
14 Unter den Linden.

## Pictures in the Fire: "SABRETACHE"

Mrs. Macqueen Ferguson of Duthieston, Dunblane, writes me this further letter correcting a statement in her previous letter published in these notes:

I feel that I owe both you and Mr. Macquisten (M.P. for Argyll) an apology for my error in stating in a former letter to you that he had wasted the time of the House by talking when Mr. Broad's Bill was down for a second reading. This Bill, regarding the export of horses, has already passed its second reading and we now await facilities for the Committee stage. The Bill which I had in mind was the Humane Slaughter Bill (England)—another long over-due measure of reform—and it was this Bill which was prevented getting the time allotted to it for its second reading.



Having now taken our hats off to

the grouse, the oyster, and the partridge, to say nothing of something which I consider runs the whole lot pretty close, the quail, if properly treated with a green chilly stuck in his little inside just before he is produced for eating, we are rapidly approaching the most dangerous period of the hunting season, the time when other people besides M.F.H.'s and hunt servants start cubbing at the squeak o' day. I call it the most dangerous not because of the blind ditches full of thistles which the frost has not had a chance to kill, but for other and very manifest reasons. How many people are there whom you can count on the fingers of one hand who are fit for human consumption at 5.30 a.m., the hour at which most motors are due to depart for a cubbing tryst at 6 a.m.? Is it not true that, if you have lived in the world, you conduct all conversation at that hour after the method of the missionary talking to the simple savage—by signs? Do you not, if you desire to offer your fellow cub-hunter



SIR ALBERT AND LADY STERN AND THEIR CHILDREN

A family group at Frinton, where, besides his town house in Park Lane, Sir Albert has a rest-cure establishment in the shape of a charming house with a very large garden which owes its inception to Lady Stern's artistic taste. The children are Anne, John, and David—dogs' names not transmitted

early days of your cubbing, in view of the fact that you may not have been doing a great deal of horse-back riding—or rowing on a slide—during the summer, and also in view of the probability of extremely vulgar behaviour on part of the horse you are about to ride, that you should have a local anæsthetic. I have no doubt that this is a corking good idea, but if I have got the thing right, what I mean to say is, is the personal insertion of a hypodermic at the appropriate spot possible—you see the difficulty?—and it is hardly a thing you could ask anyone but the family doctor to do. I am certain, however, that in many cases it would enable the patient to adopt the "I-can-ride-better-than-anyone-else" seat, which after all is far better than any out-on-the-bowsprit or bang-on-the-tail-piece seat ever invented by any of these kind gentlemen who are so assiduous in writing to the papers advising us "how to sit at the jumps."

IN PERTHSHIRE: MR. C. MAITLAND-MACGILL-CRICHTON AND MR. R. D. H. MAITLAND

On the Bentill Beat for "saumon" at Stanley, Perthshire. Mr. Maitland-Macgill-Crichton is the one who is making the cast

est, however, the foregoing suggestions about your behaviour before the cub-hunt should appear to tar all people who rise early with the same brush, it must be added at once that there are some who are at their absolute best in the dewy dawn, and who are so sunny-natured that they are capable of coming into breakfast whistling or humming, and might even put on a gramophone record. It is quite possible that everyone does not take to this type, and would far rather have the other kind, the one which is positively dangerous until the sun is well over the mast-head; but there is no getting away from the fact that the sunny, whistling kind mean thoroughly well, and take it very hard-like when their little efforts to brighten an always rather difficult hour are met by scowls and murderous looks. The best remedy, of course, for the difficult ones is not to let them go to bed at all before the cub-hunt, and entice them to keep on playing poker with "a spit in the ocean" every hand till it is time to prepare for the perils of the chasse. Some think-and I have heard of an M.F.H. who actually does it—that it is a good tip to dress for the cub-hunt over night and go to bed in your breeches and boots and even your spurs, and any other raiment considered appropriate to the occasion-such as a béret or a Stetson and a lightopera bandit kerchief tied round the neck. Not having gone any farther than shaving at the same

(Continued on p. xxiv)

a prairie oyster for his, or her, little breakfast, point to an uncooked egg, the tabasco, the

vinegar, the Lea and

Perrin's, and the cayenne

pepper, or if you think

she (or he) looks more

like rum and milk and a rusk, or even a Marie biscuit, to the divers utensils containing those

ingredients? Unless you are excessively stupid and tactless you never

pester people who are still in a comatose con-

dition with silly ques-

tions, and you should be particularly careful

not to make any remarks

about the weather such as "Jolly fine day if it wasn't for the sanguinary fog"! That sort of thing never goes

well even much later in the hunting season at

the breakfast hour, and

is an absolute bêtise in

the cubbing period. As to other things, some

people think that in the



### RUGBY RAMBLINGS



THE OPENING OF THE OLD PAULINES' NEW GROUND AT THAMES DITTON

R. S. Crist

The opening ceremony of the Old Paulines' new ground at Thames Ditton was performed by Mr. W. T. Pearce, President of the Rugby Union, and in the match which followed, Old Paulines v. Old Blues, the former won by 16 points to 3

The names of the two teams and their officials in this group, left to right, are: Back row—C. B. Cook, S. H. Wales, R. Klemin, A. Jankel, K. C. Oliver, P. S. Osborne, J. J. A. Embleton, J. N. Young, P. G. Wyatt, R. A. P. Hogbin. Second row—J. S. H. King, N. K. Payne, G. L. Olliff, R. A. Jones, E. A. Low, T. G. Jennings, W. R. Scott, G. E. R. Wales, G. Embleton, D. C. V. Roberts, J. J. Redman, S. M. Mischler, G. N. Hooper, L. H. Moody (Old Blues Committee). Sitting—Hylton Cleaver (hon, secretary Old Paulines), C. S. Bongard, T. N. Pearce, Lieut.-Commander W. J. A. Davies (Navy and England, touch judge), B. S. Cumberlege (Cambridge University and England, referee). Rear-Admiral Royds, R.N. (president Rugby Union, 1927-8), Major-General Sir F. Maurice, K.C.M.G. (president Old Paulines), W. T. Pearce (president Rugby Union), R. J. Hilliard, (Oxford University and England, touch judge), C. H. Dixon (captain Old Paulines), W. W. Nielson (captain Old Blues), J. J. Farrell, R. H. Harrison, R. H. B. Nicholls, J. H. Salmon

HATEVER may be thought of the quality of present-day Rugby, there is no doubt about the quantity. There are more clubs than there ever were before, more schools play the handling game, and the number of Old Boys' clubs increases annually. Several of the more powerful of these latter turn out half-a-dozen or more fifteens every week, and this development of Old-Boy football is bound to have its effect on the strength of the London clubs.

That effect has indeed been manifest for some seasons now, and there has been a lot of levelling up in consequence. Blackheath and the Harlequins no longer stand alone in town, there are lots of teams who might conceivably defeat them without causing any great surprise. This is all for the good of the game; honours ought to go round, but it can hardly be said that the standard of play has risen in proportion to the popularity of the game.

Some day another A. D. Stoop will arise, and some team or other will receive adequate training and instruction. Some future Wakefield will undertake the education of a powerful and well-balanced pack which will take that particular club to the top of the tree with a rush. For, if truth be told, London

forward play is at a very low ebb, knowledge of the four points of the game seems to be conspicuous by its absence.

Some of the best forwards in London play for clubs which are not often in the limelight, and thanks to the silly rule which permits "aliens" to play in the County Championship, they do not get the chances to which they are entitled. County officials and referees could do a lot of good work by keeping their eyes open in every game with which they are concerned. Most selectors are only too pleased to get information from trustworthy quarters.

There are several new skippers in the London clubs, and to all of them is presented a fine opportunity of doing Rugby a great service. W. E. Pratten, the new captain of

Blackheath, most unfortunately got seriously damaged in a practice game; an energetic and bustling forward, he may easily do great things for the Club. Another new captain is P. W. Adams of the Harlequins, who has had a lot of experience already in leading the pack, and who certainly knows how to talk to his men. P. T. Cooper of Rosslyn Park is another skipper of the right type, and with W. R. Collins at stand-off half the Park should have a successful season. There is no more popular club in England, and it is rather a mystery that they do not win more matches.

Richmond's new captain is C. P. M. Green, a more than useful three-quarter, but "Turkey" Young has retired, and F. M. T. Bunney has brought off a double by getting married and going to live at Nottingham. There are one or two fine forwards in the Richmond Park, and some of us will be surprised if R. G. S. Hobbs does not follow in father's footsteps and play for England before long. But one swallow does not make a summer, and Richmond's prospects do not appear very bright.

Perhaps their co-tenants at Richmond, the London Scottish, will prove the stronger side. They too have a new captain in

the person of W. N. Roughead, an old Oxford blue and Scottish International, who is by no means such a veteran as he looks. There is once more talk of G. P. S. MacPherson coming to town, and he would be invaluable to the back division.

Mention of Richmond reminds me of the fact that Harry Rockett, so long the popular manager of the Richmond Athletic Ground, died during the summer, to the grief of friends innumerable. He was a sound judge of Rugby, and as an official the right man in the right place. He has been succeeded by Commander T. A. Longford, known to the Service as "Long Annie," who will no doubt make good, spurred by the example of another commander over Twickenham way.



R. S. Crish J. J. A. EMBLETON (CAMBRIDGE CAPTAIN)

The Light Blue Rugger captain for season 1930–31 is an old St. Paul's boy, and his college is Caius, Cambridge

R. S. Crish
S. J. HOFFMEYER
(OXFORD CAPTAIN)

S. J. Holfmeyer, who is Cape Town and University College, Oxford, has been elected Rugger captain for season 1930–31

(Continued on p. xxxiv)



## VISIT EGYPT

#### RETURN JOURNEY

Marseilles
Toulon
Genoa
Venice
Trieste

Alexandria Cairo
Luxor
or
and
Assuan

#### UNIQUE OFFER

28 Days of Luxurious Travel for £73.10.0 only or 35 Days for £82.10.0 only

Cheaper Tickets for second-class accommodation are also available and Nile trips can be arranged in conjunction with this offer.

#### FROM NOVEMBER 1 TO JANUARY 15

INCLUDING: First-class SEA PASSAGE, first-class railway travel, meals in restaurant cars or Pullman Saloons, luxurious single compartment Wagons-Lits and STAY AT LEADING HOTELS.

Tickets Obtainable from Travel Bureaux and Tourist Agencies

For further information and Illustrated Booklet, apply to:

"Egycour, Piccy, London." EGYPT TRAVEL BUREAU, 60, Regent Street, LONDON, W.1 Regent 3424



Telephones: Paisley 4141-4145

Codes: Bentley's; A.B.C. (6th Edition); Private.

Telegrams and Cables: Indiaowl, Inchinnan, Renfrew.

No. 1527 October 1 1930



"Each year everybody who was anybody . . . was invited . . . to the French doll's wedding"

NO PARKING!

THE first of May the police stuck up signs all along the block in which the old Shaw mansion stood. Obediently the shabby truck of the ice-coal-and-wood dealer found another place to stand round the corner. An assortment of young riff-raff gathered by instinct for something unusual, a funeral perhaps, or maybe a wedding. And the wife of the Armenian grocer kept popping her head inquisitively in and out of her dingy little shop across the street, the shop that was the shoddy built-in front to a house that had once been as fine and proud as the Shaws'. Long ago.

It was always so on the first of May. The Shaw house flung back its shutters and opened its eyes, windows for all the world like disused spectacles taken out of their cases. The house stared bleakly at the down-at-heel neighbourhood. Each year the surroundings seemed a little more sordid, a trifle shabbier.

A negro woman pushed back the big front door on its rusty hinges, her skull wrapped up in black cambric clouts. She came with a little worn broom and swept down the box-bordered walk between the house and the gate. She polished the doorhandle, the copper name-plate, and the heavy brass knocker.

Within doors the Misses Shaw, elderly ladies, fluttered about opening rooms—the double parlours, the library, and other unlived-in apartments. Miss Mary removed dust-covers from fine old lustres, satin-seated chairs, and sofas. She took up newspapers from rugs and carpets. Miss Lavinia put her hair into metal crimpers. She smiled at herself a little wanly. Then she repaired to the kitchen to make chicken-salad and jellies.

Thus the Shaw sisters prepared for company—each year on May 1.

In the afternoon boxes of flowers arrived. Long boxes wrapped in shiny green paper. The old ladies chirped happily as they untied strings, crinkled waxed paper, searched for cards. Roses, lilies, and pink and white carnations, and masses of delicate fern to dress them off with. They filled the vases and carried to the back armfuls of paper and paste-board boxes.

Between the two big windows in the last of the parlours Miss Lavinia arranged a sort of bower with lilies and roses and an old satin bell. She stood upon a console an old-fashioned French doll. The doll was dressed as a bride of about the time of 1850—lace veil on her head and an astonishing quantity of fine silk dresses, exquisitely made, trimmed, and embroidered. In her hands was placed a tiny bouquet of artificial flowers. Shod she was with a pair of small ridiculous slippers, white kid yellow with age and bursting the seams. The sign and the symbol of nuptial grandeur was the large satin bride's bell hoisted over her head.

Once a year Miss Lavinia arranged everything so—the bower, the console, and the puppet bride propped upright under her bell. Every year on the first of May—years and years—a custom, an institution.

So the house was decked, aired, and festive.

Each year everybody who was anybody in the social life of the city was invited by personal note to the French doll's wedding at the home of the Misses Mary and Lavinia Shaw, maiden daughters of the defunct Southern general. The Shaw sisters had given that party from time immemorial—as little girls when their doll was new, as young misses for drollery and pleasure, as blooming belles because it was the fashion to be romantic, then as ageing spinsters for memories and sentiment—

annually they celebrated the French doll's wedding. It was an occasion of the first social magnitude in the life of the city, the

Shaws' reception.

And everybody came to the French doll's wedding. There was no party or dance like it in all the season, not even the Tuesday cotillion. This fact has been established for years on years, nobody would ever have dreamed of disputing it-loyalty to the Shaws, love for the two old ladies. People came from the new and fashionable parts of the town, from the West End, from the suburbs and the country estates, even from out of the city. Young and old, everybody came—the dowagers and debutantes, business men and the gay young bloods from the country club. They all came. Everybody came. The old-fashioned rooms were filled with people. The shabby old mansion revived that one evening, the evening of the reception for the French doll's wedding.

At dark the shadowy rooms were lighted with old-fashioned oil lamps and candles. No electricity in this old mansion. Miss Mary changed her dress for a gown of lavender silk, as antiquated a thing as a garment could be. And Miss Lavinia took her thin hair out of the crimpers. One pinned at her neck the cameo brooch that had been her mother's and the other fastened on

the jewellery made of hair and coral.

Downstairs they went hand in hand. They were smiling, they were flustered, they were ready for company. Ready for the drollery of the playladies wedding.

Handsome motorcars picked their way daintily over the miserable old cobbles. They drew up neatly beside the kerbing. More riff-raff gathered at a respectful distance, craning their necks to see what was doing. The wife of the Armenian grocer across the way watched from her shop the guests arriving, and lending her ear to the sounds of laughter and talking. Scores of fashionable' people came to the reception.

The sisters received their guests at the drawing - room door. In the mellow lamp-

light they looked like a pair of old pastels, two faded pictures. This was always the greatest night in the year for Miss Mary and Miss Lavinia. Happy excitement flushed them delicately. Unwonted lights flickered in their tired old eyes.

They greeted their friends with little coos of delight, smiling, holding out pale fluttering hands, thin, with the blue veins showing. So charmed, so pleased, so happily flattered to have all society gathering about them, the tide of fashion flowing just once in an old dry channel. The old ladies lived for this pleasure.

Old first-cousin-twice-removed Billy Horsley usually came first. Rich as cream, over a million, and as testy and grumpy as the Lord ever made him. But he played the game. "Well, as the Lord ever made him. But he played the game. gels; well, gels; the old house still standin' the weather?" was his invariable greeting. And by that he meant to be preternaturally genial.

Two ancient Confederate colonels followed Cousin Billy. They tottered in leaning on canes, bleary-eyed, mouthing compliments and many reminiscences—service under the ladies' father, the redoubtable old general—and quadrilles in these same rooms with the belles of old-time, belles in hoops and bunches of curls, and later beauties in bustles and braided hair. Times had changed—just look at the skirts! And ladies smoking an' doin' dances that were truly a scandal! But the old times! What eyes Miss Mary Shaw had had! Enough to strike a man blind or set him crazy. And Miss Lavinia such shoulders as would ravish a heart! And vivacity! Dear, dear, what belles they had been till their father died and blighted them! Long ago"Egad, ma'am!" cried the colonels, being gallant to the ladies, "Here we are again for your French doll's wedding!"

Streams of people crowded in close behind them, gentlemen tailored finely, and substantial matrons in velvets and satins. After them came married sons and daughters, debutante granddaughters, and grandsons just starting in business for themselves. "Dear Mary! Dear Lavy!" crooned dowagers, kissing the sisters.

Judge Benson came with his stout second wife. He was stout himself. His first wife had been some sort of a relation, a niece or a cousin of the ladies' father. The present Mrs. Benson had diamond pendants swinging in her ears.

With her came a woman named Mary Hatcher. Mrs. Benson, in other days, had been country schoolmarms together. She now lived in Paris and called herself Madame. She was skinny and hard, glittered with costume jewellery and foreign make-up, and she had her damp-looking hair closely bobbed. She came to the reception, too, smelling of Coty and

putting on airs like the Rue de la Paix.
"Charmant!" she lisped, drawling the word. She patted the hands of the two old sisters. Beside her hard brilliance and artificiality they looked like faded rose-leaves fetched up out of

a jar, or two duncoloured moths blown in out of the night. They welcomed Madame Hatcher with timid voices-so glad to welcome any friend of dear Elsie Benson's —so delighted she would come to their French doll's wedding.

"It's just our old romantic sort of notions, an old-time game that we hate to relinquish," Miss Mary and Miss Lavinia chimed together. "Of course you must know all about the bride. She is quite unique and so is her wedding. Our dear father, long, long ago, brought us the beautiful doll from Paris. She was dressed as a bride, so we celebrated a wedding and asked all our little friends to come to a party. We have kept it up through all these years, and many of our playmates of



MR. TEMPLE THURSTON AND HIS DAUGHTER

Mr. E. Temple Thurston, the well-known author and playwright, is also a very good artist, and is holding a private view of his watercolours at the Cranbourn Art Galleries early in November. Mr. and Mrs. Temple Thurston's little daughter's name is Mary and she is six years old

that early time are now mothers and grandmothers. But still we like to have everybody come just once a year and remember old times and enjoy themselves. Isn't the idea of a doll's wedding a happy excuse for bringing people together?" They looked up shyly, eyes furtive with pleasure. "All these flowers were sent for our darling bride; and people always bring her the sweetest presents."

Quelle drôlerie!" crowed Mary Hatcher. "Do, then, let

us see this bride."

Mrs. Benson led her at once into the double parlours, those gaunt old rooms full of ancient, dilapidated furniture. They had been furnished in times when the Shaws were rich-gilded French chairs upholstered in brocades or fine petit point, sofas like the ones at Malmaison and Fontainebleau, draperies of damask, and Brussels carpets, and consoles and desks in the Second Empire style. At the end of the room was the bridal bower.

On the console, in her veil and her threadbare finery, stood the French doll-bride. There she stood, staring fixedly straight in front of her. What an ancient, absurd, pompous

little creature!
"Oo-la-la!" rasped Madame Marie Hatcher. "What a darling antique, cette belle poupée."

Everybody was crowding around the bower to see the bride, and leaving their presents—boxes of embroidered handkerchiefs, table-sets of fine linen, silk shawls, hand-painted china, coloured lamp-shades, fans, a great assortment of charming things, presents for the bride.



At times John's questions are very near the limit.

"John," I said, "If your father hears you calling Captain Bentham that, he'll be very cross."

"He won't hear me," said John, dismissing the interruption, "but why?"

"Because he thought I should be pleased." (I am gradually learning that it saves time to answer John's questions as directly as possible.)

"And were you?"

"No."

"Then why did Captain Podge think you would be?"

"He thinks I look too young to be the mother of such a big boy."

"You don't!" said John, implying scorn of 'Captain Podge's 'opinion.

Then with a brave air of manly reassurance, he added, "You look quite old enough, Mummie darling."

But the best of it is that John is wrong, though I wouldn't tell him so for the world. Nor would I tell him that there are hundreds of other mothers who look more like elder sisters, simply because they, too, 'stay young-looking longer' with the help of Pond's Complete Method of Skin Care.

## How to "stay young - looking longer."

r. Generously smooth Pond's Cold Cream on the skin of face, neck, and hands, and let its pure oils sink deep into the pores, softening and floating to the surface the tiny accumulations of impurity which gather beyond the reach of soap and water.

2. Wipe away the soiled cream with Pond's Cleansing Tissues—soft as gossamer, and far more convenient, absorbent, and economical than ordinary face-towels; simply discard them after use.

3. A brisk splashing with Pond's Skin Freshener closes the pores, tones up the skin, and removes the last traces of oiliness. No careful toilet is complete without this gloriously exhilarating preparation.

4. The final touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream gives the skin a surface of flower-like beauty, to which the powder clings evenly and lastingly.



### PETROL VAPOUR:

Fine New Car.

T was a very pleasant little function at Stratton-Instone's place in Pall Mall the other day that saw the introduction of the new 30-40-h.p. Daimler, the latest and perhaps the most important addition to the range of "double-sixes." As might be supposed it is, from stem to stern, a really magnificent job of work, and all the more impressive since Mr. Laurence Pomeroy, in characteristic style, has seen to it that aluminium alloys are exploited to their fullest extent. The consequence is that although the 30-40-h.p. Daimlerwhich, by the way, is made in three lengths of wheelbase—is certainly a big car, indeed, quite a very big car, it is not a ponderous, clumsy kind of thing. In actual fact, on the road it loses no time in showing that it is extremely lively. There seems to be almost no limit to the flow of power that comes from that wonderfully smooth, silent, and effortless power-plant. This, incidentally, is now enhanced by automatic radiator shutters. From the engine rearwards one finds the new Daimler ideas of transmission fully expressed in the form of the "fluid fly-wheel" and the self-changing pre-selective four-speed all-silent gear-box. That last phrase is a fair nib-ful, I admit, but I do not see how the thing is to be properly described in any shorter terms. This means that the new Daimler calls for about as much physical effort upon the part of its driver as would be required by the occasional flicking over of a domestic electriclight switch. There is no clutch-pedal to worry about, for the drive is automatically

taken up when the engine is accelerated beyond a prescribed idling speed. As for the gear-change, this could be done with perfect certainty and ease by an old lady of ninety-five who had

never been in a motor-car before and had never even driven a sewing-machine. It does not matter what the car is doing; it may be going forward, standing still, or running backwards; all you have got to do to engage any gear you want is to set the little finger lever below the rim of the steeringwheel to the desired point on its quadrant, and then, when you want to make the actual change to depress a pedal (which looks like a clutchpedal but is not) with your left toe. It is all so amazingly light and simple that although I do not regard the epithet as particularly complimentary, the new Daimler can fairly be called an abso-"fool proof" lutely "fool proof" car. I note with interest that the firm claim for their new transmission principle



HARROW MASTERS: MR. E. T. KILLICK AND MR. I. M. B. STUART

Mr. E. T. Killick, the famous Middlesex cricketer, is the newest master at Harrow, where Mr. I. M. B. Stuart, the Irish Rugger International, was already installed. A point of interest about their both being at Harrow is that Mr. Stuart, when a master at St. Paul's, coached Mr. Killick when he was one of the boys

the advantage of greater safety, due to the fact that the car can be driven under all conditions with so noticeable an absence of fatigue. In this I think they are well justified. Until one has handled this vehicle one cannot believe how light control can be. For the servo-brakes call for but little more pressure than the accelerator-pedal—this latter being a hinged "flap" which is very comfortable to the foot and easy to hold in any position of throttle opening. The hand-brake, by the way, works on a really big drum behind the gear-box, and is by no means that futile sort of thing known as a "parking brake" that you dare not touch until the car has come to a standstill for fear of tearing the propeller-shaft out by the roots. With its radiator-shutters and its taking body lines the 30–40-h.p. Daimler has an easily recognized and distinctive appearance, and I do not hesitate to describe it as one of the best-looking cars I have ever seen.

By W. G. ASTON

Another Swift.

A very large number of motorists would have had cause of disappointment if the famous 10-h.p. Swift had not been continued in the 1931 programme, but it has been growing so steadily in popularity that there was little risk of that eventuality. An even larger number will I judge be found ready to welcome the 8-h.p. Swift Cadet model. In the ladder of automobile production to-day there are not many rungs missing, but this little car definitely fills a gap between the "Baby" and the economical family bus. That it will find plenty of patronage goes without saying,

for it is a lusty, sturdy, and handsome little vehicle with that Swift touch of extra special finish about every detail, and it affords a very healthy road performance into the bargain. I

am glad to see that there has been no shilly-shallying with regard to seating accommodation. Both the saloons and the open models really provide room for their full, specified complement of four passengers, and allowance is made for the possibility of some of them being on the corpulent side. The model which most appeals to me is-the fabric saloon with sliding roof and adjustable front seats. It is of the two-door type - one wants nothing better in a small car as a rule -and comes at the very modest figure of £185. This includes chromium - plated bumpers fore and aft, big-hubbed wire wheels, safety-glass windscreen, and all sorts of other refinements. In short, jolly good value for money.

VB.

Small girl (suddenly noticing flat tyre): O-o-oh! Daddy, look! That tyre's out of breath!

(Continued on p. xxviii)

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday

THE

## GREATEST ADVANCE IN MOTORING



# ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY self-changing gear

The only automatic method of gear changing; now in its third consecutive year; proved beyond all doubt by continuous use in every part of the world.

It gives a new conception of motoring; greater efficiency; makes driving a pleasure; increases its safety.

Ask those happy friends of yours who use it.

ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY MOTORS LIMITED, COVENTRY London: 10 Old Bond St., W.1. Manchester: 35 King St. West Agents in all principal towns



Buy British and keep your Countrymen Employed

MISS ELSIE CORLETT

The winner at the only big meeting last week. Miss Corlett was in great form at Blackpool, and now what about the English Championship for her this week?

will have to meet and treat her with respect if she can keep her form of the other day when she won the scratch prize in the Western District qualifying round for the Lady Derby Cup. Blackpool was the venue, not the sunny Blackpool of the posters but a spot where the wind blew a gale, the rain lashed in a fury, and first-class golf seemed almost beyond hope, especially early in the day when Miss Corlett went out. But she played grandly and handed in 78, only two more than the par of the green, and that, moreover, in spite of five putts which hung on the very lip of the hole without dropping.

was easier, and a number of people took their chances nobly. Mrs. S. Higham, of St. Anne's Old Links, carried off, the first division handicap prize with 85-12=73, and in the second division there was a 90 for the scratch prize from Mrs. A. Gorton and 98-26=72 from Miss Mervyn Clark for the handicap. So far as qualifying went, only the topmost happy few know now whether they have survived the ordeal or no. There is another qualifying competition to be played in the other half of the county, and a certain percentage of the total entries for the two qualify for the finals. It sounds a little complicated, but no doubt in practice it is an entirely just and sensible plan.

The Medical Ladies evidently could not bring themselves to concentrate on the autumn meeting of their association, at least not such high exaltednesses as Miss Enid Wilson, Miss Gourlay, Mrs. Guedalla, and all the other players of minute handicaps (or worse than minute) who usually figure in these gatherings. It certainly was rather close to Aldeburgh; also, according to the mothers of families, to the end of school holidays. So it was left to Mrs. Cavendish Fuller to win the scratch prize with 87, which that sound Worcestershire lady would be the last to consider quite worthy. But she has been busy moving from Malvern to London, which is never conducive

#### EVE at GOLF: Bv ELEANOR E. HELME

There and Here

T the moment it is almost difficult to take a very burning interest in what has happened, the things which are about to happen are so thrilling-County Finals, English Championship, Autumn Foursomes, Worplesdon Mixed Foursomes.

But really that is stupid, because at least one of the events of the week concerns somebody who is playing at Aldeburgh and may quite easily do great things there, to whit, Miss Elsie Corlett. Ever since she was runner-up in the English Championship at Woodhall Spa, and immediately after took lessons from Fernie at Lytham and St. Annes (the right attitude to success with a vengeance), she has been a power to reckon with. Folk at Aldeburgh

The weather cheered up in the afternoon, so that scoring

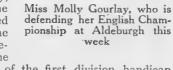
THE GIRLS' OWN UNOFFICIAL LEAGUE OF NATIONS

Fräulein Dorothea Weyhausen, like her sister Alice, was immensely popular at Stoke Poges. She and Miss Estelle Hough (right) find it all very good fun

to much golf, so that really her golf was by no means to be despised, especially when you consider that a sudden and complete lapse in the middle allowed the 8th and 9th to

extract no less than fourteen shots between them from her.

Miss Betty Roberts - Harris, who showed up excellently in the Girls' Championship, was playing. Does Stoke cast a glamour or does it inspire better golf than the same girls produce in grown-up company, or is Miss Roberts - Harris experimenting with a new style since Stoke, or does she dislike card and pencil, or was it just that things went wrong at Ashford Manor in the Medical meeting? The impression was that she was by no means so fine and free a stylist as at Stoke, and after twelve good holes she fell away sadly, did a little bird-nesting and blackberrying amongst the bushes, with the result that instead of sweeping the board, as she looked like doing, she left that pleasing occupation (or at least a good try at it) to her mother. The captain of an association is more apt to come in for hard work than prizes. Mrs. Roberts-Harris, having had more than her share of the one (she had to ask forty members to raise a team the other day, and then it rained and the match was cancelled!), proceeded at Ashford Manor to enjoy the other, a most popular achievement with all her members. She just diddled her daughter out of the first division handicap



prize, both returning 90-10=80, but Mrs. Roberts - Harris' homeward half was the better; she was second for the captain's

aggregate prize, and won the Cecil Leitch Challenge Cup after tieing with four others.

This cup, by the way, raises funds for the National Playing Fields Asso-ciation, a cause for which Miss Leitch works most devotedly. It will gladden her heart that the competition raised no less than £3. Eighty net was the fashionable figure at Ashford Manor, Mrs. Oldershaw's 80 winning the second division handicap after a tie with Mrs. Gibson and Mrs. Hopkins.

West Hill, who have been finalists before now for the Star tournament, have arrived in the finals again, for they won a most notable match from Thorndon Park by the odd point, and that at the 19th. Mrs. Kennedy, at their head, lost to Mrs. Percy Garon, but Miss Julia Hill beat Miss Joy Winn, Mrs. Crombie beat Mrs. Wilbraham, and though Mrs. Clapham lost to Mrs. Garrett, Mrs. Boyd came in triumphant after an extra hole to qualify West Hill for those gala finals at Wentworth on October 30.



Amateur photographers who have Amateur photographers who have really "sharp" snapshots of golfing subjects, particularly close-up photos of prize-winners, are reminded that the Editor of "The Tatler" will always be glad to consider such and to pay usual rates for any that are accepted.

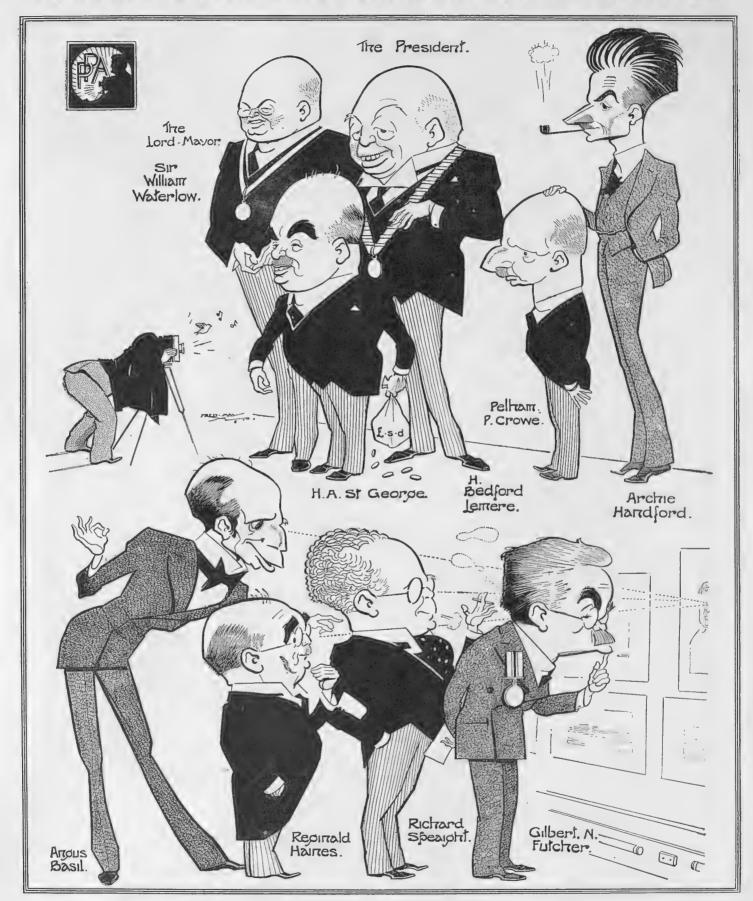


Everywhere lovely women are asking for Kayser \*"Sansheen" — the fashionable stockings with the new dull finish and the graceful Kayser Slendo heel. Made from flawless clinging silk—like all Kayser stockings. Amazingly sturdy, they survive washing after washing. You can buy "Sansheen" in all the newest shades. Prices from 8/11.

\*Trade Mark applied for: Made in U.S.A. Wholesale Distributors: C. J. DAVIS, 3 Prince's Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.I

THE TATLER [No. 1527, October 1, 1930

#### PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHERS' EXHIBITION



AMONGST THE CELEBRITIES-BY FRED MAY

The Annual Exhibition of British Photography by the Professional Photographers' Association of Great Britain and Ireland was opened by the Lord Mayor, Sir William Waterlow, and shows technical merit of high order. Photography is the universal recording medium, and has done more than anything else to bring peoples of the world together. It is most essential in all departments of commerce, and the newspapers would be very dull without pictures. The Exhibition will now tour the provinces. It closed at the Suffolk Galleries on September 26. Mr. H. Bedford Lemere, F.R.P.S. (London), is the President, Mr. Gilbert N. Futcher (Southsea) a Past President, and Mr. Angus Basil, Mr. Pelham P. Crowe, Mr. Reginald Haines, Mr. Archie Handford, and Mr. Richard N. Speaight are Members of the Council; Mr. H. A. St. George is the Honorary Treasurer



# "THERE IS NO SKIN WHICH CANNOT BE BROUGHT TO PERFECTION"

says Frances Hemming

## "but every skin needs special advice, special care"

Now that the sunburn craze is definitely dead, it is time to set about acquiring the delicately lovely milk-and-roses complexion that is the proper accompaniment of our new, subtly feminine frocks. Frances Hemming, who knows more about the idiosyncrasies of the English skin than any woman in Europe, is waiting to give you full and free advice about the perfecting of yours.

In her cool, restful Cyclax salons, miracles are worked; miracles made possible by years of patient research and amazing knowledge. Frances Hemming does not believe in drastic treatments; she has no faith in electricity or in dragging finger massages which tire and stretch the skin. But under the magic touch of her experts, sun-coarsened skins take on the whiteness and transparency of a child's. Those hateful little lines round eyes and mouth are

smoothed away and *kept* away. For Frances Hemming's Cyclax method is one which brings your skin gently and naturally to perfection and retains that perfection indefinitely.

Miss Hemming is most anxious that you should call in person so that she or one of her experts can study your skin *berself* and see just what it needs. Follow this great specialist's advice and you will be able to watch your skin growing lovelier week by week.

But if you live too far away or are too busy to call at the Cyclax Salons for this free consultation, don't despair. Write to Frances Hemming; tell her all your beauty problems. She will advise you by letter, fully, carefully, promptly. And ask, too, for her very interesting book "The Cyclax Way to Loveliness" which is full of fascinating information.



58 SOUTH MOLTON ST.

PARIS

Telephone: Mayfair 0054

BERLIN

The following preparations in the Cyclax Home Treatment will keep your skin in perfect condition

SPECIAL LOTION To give your skin transparent clearness

5/6, 10/6, 20/-

SKIN FOODS That are bracing and amazingly nourishing 4/-, 7/6, 15/-, 28/- COMPLEXION MILK
(Astringent) refines
and whitens the skin
4/-,7/6,15/-,28/-

BLENDED LOTION
The perfect daytime protection and finish 4/6, 8/6, 16/-, 30/-

FACE POWDER
Made in shades to suit all types of skin
3/6 and 6/6

You can buy Frances Hemming's wonderful Cyclax preparations at all good chemists, hairdressers and stores

This Month. October brings, as usual, a large crop of weddings, and one of the early ones is that between Lieutenant Francis Northcote Bassett, Ronand Miss Joyce McCoan Thornhill, which is fixed for the 4th at St. Jude's Church, Southsea; on the 11th Mr.
Arthur Hamilton
Kelly, 1st Battalion the Essex Regiment, marries
Miss Georgina
Apphia Oakes,
who is the daughter of Mrs. Saurin
of The Abbey,



Who is engaged to Mr. G. E. L. Lennox-Boyd, the Highland Light Infantry, is the daughter of Colonel A. W. Macdonald, D.S.O., J.P.

Penally, and the marriage will take marriage will take place at Holy Trinity, Brompton; Mr. Mark Milbank and Miss Angela Nevill are being married on the 20th at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks; and on the next day Mr. Gerald Hugh Nicholson and Miss Margaret Evelyn Hanbury are being married at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street.

In the New Year.

An announcement that has been made a long time ahead is that of the marriage of Mr. Hugh Sutherland Campbell, the elder son of the late Mr. W. D. Campbell and Mrs. Campbell of 35, Ladbroke Square, W., and Miss Phyllis Myfanwy Davies, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Davies of St. Tudno, High Road, Chiswick, which takes place in February.

Weddings and Engagements



MISS JOAN MACDONALD

The second daughter of the Right Hon. J. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P., whose engagement to Mr. Alastair Mackinnon, M.B., C.M., was recently announced



MISS AUDREY DOUGHTY

Whose marriage to Mr. John Durnford will take place at Holy Trinity Church, Kensington Gore, on October 16

Recent

Engagements. Engagements are announced between Mr. Berkeley Gage, H.M. Diplomatic Service, the eldest son of Brigadier-General Moreton Gage, D.S.O., and Miss Maria von Chap-puis, the daughter of Mr. Carl von Chappuis of Liegnitz, Germany; Mr. E. A. Stoddard of the Sudan Plantation Syndicate, the son of the late Captain and Mrs. A. E. Stoddard, Indian Army, and Miss Mary Margaretta

daughter of Mr. W. H. Evans and the late Mrs. Evans, the only daughter of Mr. W. H. Evans and the late Mrs. Evans of Neath, Wales; Captain Eric Graeme Daglish, the Lancashire Fusiliers, the younger son of Mr. R. S. Daglish and the late Mrs. Daglish of Heath Bank, Huyton, and Miss Edna Irene Gower, the elder daughter of Captain J. Gower, the Lancashire Fusiliers, and Mrs. Gower of Wellington, India; Mr. Kenneth Wingate-Saul of 21, Prince's Square, W., the only son of Martin Edward Menko, the son of Dr. and Mrs. M. Menko of Amsterdam, and Mrs. George Trew Cattell of Villa Bellevue, Monaco; Mr. George Lawrence Shadwell, the Lancashire Fusiliers, the younger son of the late Colonel and Mrs. Shadwell of 5, Mont le Grand, Exeter, and Miss Helen Mary Truscott, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. B. E. Truscott of Ootacamund, South India; Mr. Geoffrey Francis Burnett, Royal Marines, younger son of Mr. W. F. Burnett, C.B.E., and Mrs. Burnett of Downderry, Cornwall, and Miss Rhoda Elizabeth Wilson, the only child of the late Mr. W. Wilson and Mrs. Wilson of Groomsport, Bangor, Co. Down.

## TIFFANY & CO.

44 NEW BOND STREET London, W.1

## DIAMOND BRACELETS RINGS AND BROOCHES

FIFTH AVENUE &  $37^{\text{TH}}$  STREET New York

25 Rue de la Paix PARIS

# SMART AFTERNOON TAILOR-MADES "Ready-to-Wear"



IN the rush of modern life many women of to-day have not the leisure to have their clothes made to order, as they have no time for fittings and other incidental details in connection with made-to-order garments. Hitherto, the strictly tailored suit has been for morning wear, but the introduction of a tailormade of a more dressy character will be an inestimable boon to the woman of fashion. The Tailormades illustrated are produced by our own organisation. They are of outstanding value, and the workman-ship is of the same high standard for which we have been famous for over a century. Customers will also appreciate being able to obtain hats to match either of the suits illustrated.

#### THE ILLUSTRATIONS

SMART READY-TO-WEAR TAILORED COAT AND SKIRT (as illustration No. 1) in tweed, with large collar and roll down front of fur, either black Persian paw or brown caracul. PRICE GUINEAS In outsize, one guinea extra.

ATTRACTIVE BERET to match in fine quality fur felt, becomingly fur telt, become arranged at side. Price

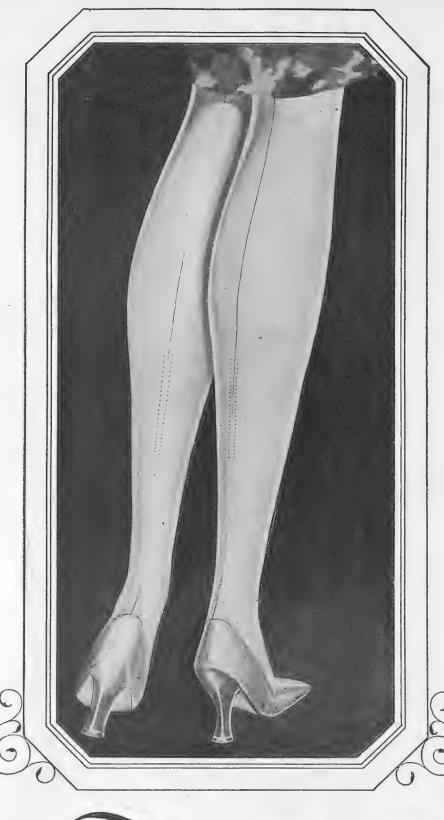
FASHIONABLE COAT AND SKIRT (as illustration No. 2) in fine cloth with pony cloth collar and fronts; well tailored skirt with yoke of pony cloth. In scarlet, olive green, brown, beige or black.
PRICE GUINEAS

In outsize, one guinea extra.

SMART TOQUE to match in chiffon velour with band of fine straw net to give an attractive Price

CATALOGUE OF AUTUMN FASHIONS POST FREE

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY, Wigmore Street London W.I.



OUR Hosiery problem -shade must be faultless, fit must be sheathlike, texture caressingly smooth, style features fashionable; and their price must meet a slender purse. There is only one reply— "Three Knots." This famous Brand will fulfil your every need. See this British Hosiery of Quality to-day. Any good Draper or Outfitter will show you the latest 'Three Knots' styles.

REAL SILK BLACK LABEL No. 200

Latest point heel, slipper sole. Top, toe, and heel protected with fine 4/11 quality lisle.

BLACK LABEL No. 100

Latest point heel, slipper sole. Top, toe, and heel protected with fine quality lisle. Extra heavy service 5/11 weight pure silk.

Also in Artificial Silk Qualities RED LABEL, 2/11 BLUE LABEL, 2/11 GREY LABEL, 3/11

Manufactured by WARDLE & DAVENPORT LTD., LEEK, Staffs. (First English Makers of Artificial Silk Hosiery).

HREE KNOTS
British HOSIERY TRADE SIGNARIA



1G



Model from Debenham and Freebody

Picture by Blake

## REVELATIONS

### IN FURS



Revillons Lift the Curtain on the New Fashions



IN NO OTHER YEAR has fur been so much the subject of the mode. Every department of the winter ensemble has been captured by fur. There is the short fur coat for the sports occasion, the fur coat of moderate length for afternoons, the long wrap, and even the once grandmotherly muff has fashion's approval. And who but Revillon Frères could fully exploit the ravishing possibilities of fur? If you missed the Revillon Show last week you can now go to 180 Regent Street and see the results of brilliant designing with the world's most exquisite skins for material. Included in the collection are coats in the new tweeds. beautified with fur. The prices will frequently surprise you by their moderation.

> Revillon Frères

AUTHENTIC FURS

180 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.I

Paris: New York



Off-the-forehead hats lead the way to-day, black velvet and satin loops and ends make the hat above, while the one below is of spotted felt. At Woollands', Knightsbridge, S.W.

The Parisian collections are of paramount importance on account of their variety; there are modes that have been inspired by those of the medieval, the Empire, and the Early Victorian. The models that have been approved by the leaders of fashion have arrived in London; many are in this folio of fashion.

Evening dresses generally have skirts that clear the ground all round; some are draped and others flounced. The three distinct silhouettes are those that are reminiscent of the Grecian, the 1830, and the 1888 fashions. Velvet is being warmly applauded, its rivals being lace, chiffon, and other semi-transparent fabrics.

Evening dresses are cut in a "V" back and front; sometimes there are graceful floating draperies at the back which suggest wings, and of course the waist-line is raised. Puff sleeves about 6 in. long are a novelty; shoulder-straps are jewelled, and gloves or mittens are essential; they are very modernistic in colour and design.

Evening capes are long, and honours are divided between the long and short coat. Some have been inspired by the coats worn by the men in the days of George III and are carried out in brocades and lamés. The swallow-tail coat created a furore of admiration; it follows the lines of the dress.

Black - faced cloth enriched with Persian 팀하. for the coat of this ensemble, while the dress is black marocain with a white spot, a lingerie front completes the scheme. At Harvey Nichols', Knightsbridge, S.W.

The pink velvet bandeau is an important feature of the velvet hat above; the beret on the left is of felt decorated with tiny feather curls.

At Woollands'

Small hats are worn well off the forehead; many are long on the right side and short on the left. They are made of soft chiffon velvet, panne, jersey tweed, and felt, all of which are endowed with unique draping possibilities. Trimmings are amusing; there are ornaments of horn, quaint miniature feather wings, ospreys, and quill tips.

Tweed ensembles are as modish as ever; the dress is of a lighter weight than the coat, the latter being trimmed with fur; the narrow belt is never absent from the former. Feminine touches in the form of line gerie collars and cuffs are well-nigh ubiquitous. Bolero effects are introduced; they have a slimming effect.

The Russian influence and the redingote are noticeable in other coats. There is the becoming cape reminiscent of those worn by coachmen in bygone days. An attempt is being made to introduce a cassock collar about halfan-inch high, in alliance with a slight pouch or fallover at the higher waist.

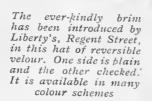
Fashions and scarves for sports women are simple, nevertheless sophisticated; above everything they must be correct. For instance, no fancy paraphernalia is ever permitted to the woman who flies; she dons a tweed coat collared with fur, the same as she wears for motoring or travelling in general.

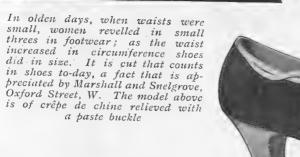
#### SMART HATS AND SHOES

FOR AUTUMN WEAR



Never has headgear been more sophisticated; it must follow the line of the head, and has to be adjusted just at the right angle otherwise the result is tragedy. Liberty's make this fascinating beret cab in one of their new autumn fabrics. The forehead is revealed, nevertheless side-curls are permitted to stray over the ears





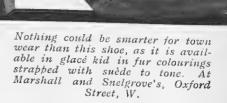
It is on the details that the success It is on the details that the success of a hat depends, therefore women are able to express their individuality in the same. Merely a button completely alters the aspect of this Liberty turban. It is of tweed patterned to suggest felt. It is 3 guineas



The newest version of the sandal shoe is seen above. It is of black moire, the heel is covered with floral-printed gold kid, this fabric being used for the strappings. At Marshall and Snelgrove's

This velvet shoe is available in all shades to harmonize with the dress. It is strapped with gold, and comes from the salons of Marshall and Snelgrove

Pictures by Blake





Model, Gorringes

Pictures by Blake



Model, Fenwick (above)

Model, H. J. Nicoll



Model, Selfridge (above)



Pictures by Blake



Pictures by Blake



Your

needs

LUXURIA

morning

evening



Luxuria cleansing cream is vitally necessary to your skin. In the few moments it takes to smooth it over your face and neck it does three important things-

Brings to the surface all the hidden dust and grime that darken the skin and distend the pores:

Nourishes and preserves the skin's own natural oils:

Whitens and refines the skin, leaving it clear and fresh and supple.

Luxuria can be obtained at all good Department Stores, Chemists and Hair= dressers from 2/3 to 11/9.

Write to Sefton=Dodge Limited 150 Regent Street, London, W.1, for a fascinating free booklet called 'All for Beauty,' which tells you about the wonderful Harriet Hubbard Ayer Beauty Preparations.

HARRIET

HUBBARD AYER

NEWYORK

LONDON

PARIS

# WINTER





Hats are admirable letters of introduction, as they are the first things that are noticed in an outdoor outfit. The quartet pictured come from Henry Heath, 109, Oxford Street, W. The hat on the left is of angora felt, gartered with a leather-printed tweed band. Black and felt share honours in the model above. Velour makes the sports hat on the left below, its charm being increased by two quills. An important feature of the hat on the right below is the brim. It is trimmed with velvet and a diamante ornament

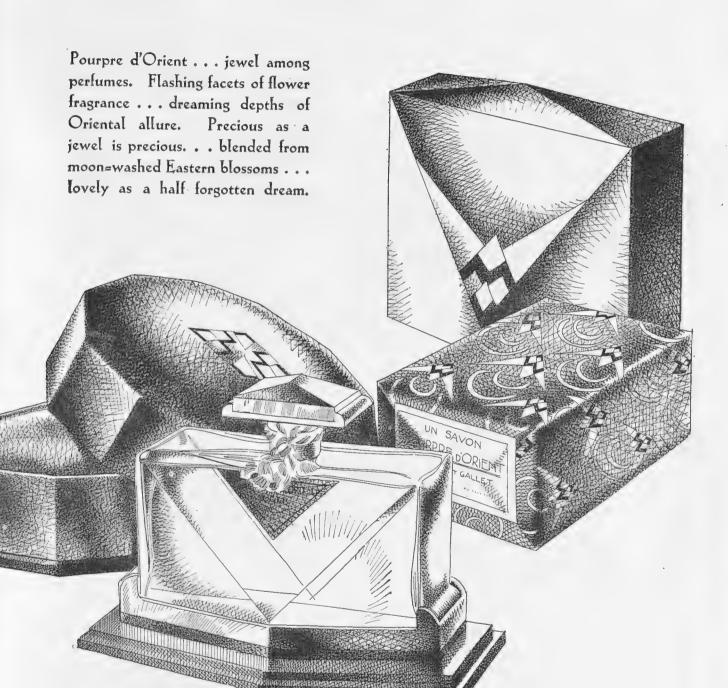




Models, Henry Heath

# OURPRE J'ORIENT

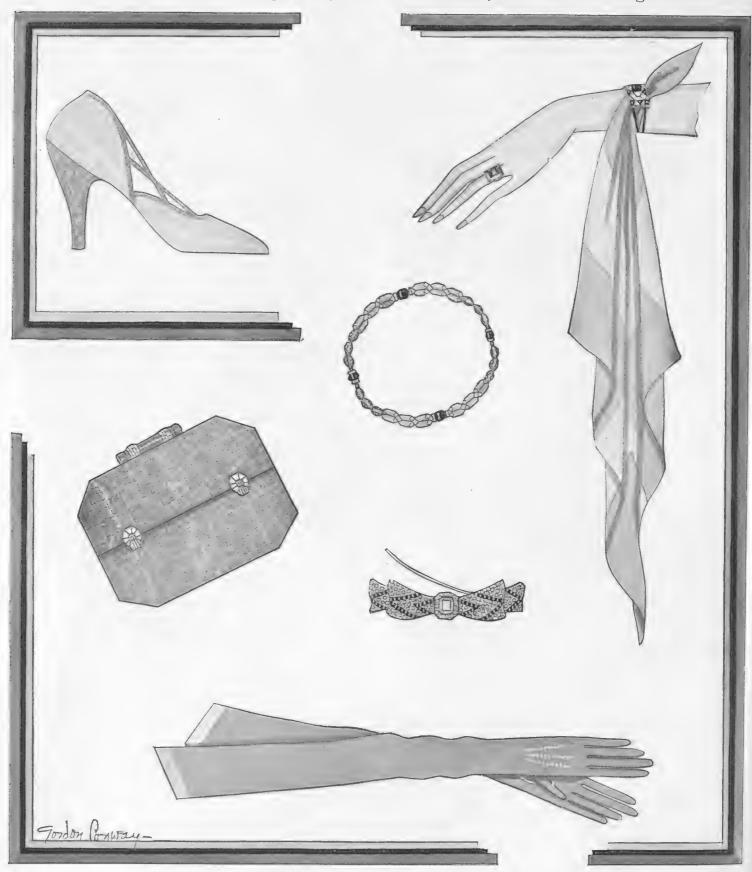
CRIMISON OF THE ORIENT



ROGER & GALLET

### "TATLER" FASHIONS

Original Accessories designed by Gordon Conway for the Coming Season



Accessories make the mode this season; they have assumed the rôle of autocrats. They are worth taking trouble about as they are so smart. There is the shoe pictured; it is of satin trimmed with brocade to match the bag below. This is no ordinary affair, as the clasps are of diamonds and platinum, and there is a lipstick case at the top. The wrist handkerchief is sometimes three-quarters of a yard square; the one above is of two shades of chiffon. The necklace is of cut crystal and onyx, while the barette is of crystal and onyx shaped to the back of the head to hold the curls in place, and the gloves are of velvet and soft suede



# DRINK better chocolate

To offer one's visitors a fine cup of chocolate is a social distinction within everybody's reach. Thanks to the coming of Cadbury's 'Cup' Chocolate, you can now make as elegant a brew as ever graced my lady's salon. Make yourself a cup in the morning or at bedtime, or ask for it at that pleasant cafe you frequent. You will say, as you sip its frothing richness, that drinking chocolate is no longer to be included among the things

they "order better in France	."	
REDUCED PRICES  11d. per ½ lb. tin		
1/9 per lb.		
CAPACUP'S		MA
Cr. CUP,		
CHOCOLATE		- 12

Name	
Address	
**************************************	

.....

101/C. 1-10-36.

of Cadbury's 'Cup' Chocolate will be sent if you fill up the attached form and post it (halfpenny stamp if envelope is unsealed) to CADBURY, BOURNVILLE (DEPT. 'S')

#### THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued





# How Lovely Teeth are best protected against Film



that is found by dental research to discolour teeth and invite serious tooth and gum disorders.

# Try the Tooth-Paste dentists so widely urge. You will find greater tooth protection

HERE is a way to combat film ... to give teeth brilliant whiteness.

Run your tongue across your teeth, you feel a slippery film. It clings to teeth, gets into crevices. Stains from food and smoking lodge in film and make teeth dingy.

Based on scientific study, a special dentifrice, Pepsodent, has been compounded. It removes film in gentle safety.

Your dentist will tell you that when Pepsoden's removes film it plays an important part in tooth protection.

Use Pepsodent twice daily. See your dentist at least twice a year. That is the surest way to lovely, healthy teeth.

Send a postcard for free 10-day tube to

The Pepsodent Co.,
Dept. 129, 8 India
Street, London, E.C.3.

Street, London, E.C.3.

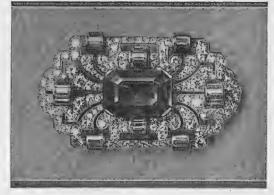
The Special Film-Removing Tooth Paste

#### SUBTLE FASCINATION THE SAPPHIRE OF THE

"Rich and Rare were the Gems She Wore."

o one has ever been able to explain the lure of precious stones. It is not merely their beauty, their value, or their brilliance which attracts, but something much more mysterious. The subtle fascination of

superstition, tradition, and history surrounds them, while endless legends are told regarding them. Superstitions regarding the sapphire are many; one is that it is endowed with unusual talismanic Sir Richard Burton, that well'-known Oriental traveller, always carried one as he declared that it procured him good horses and quick service. It is likewise said to be an



A Diamond and Sapphire Brooch

antidote against poison, neither must it be overlooked that Madame de Genlis in her interesting story shows that it is a test of virtue.

The Wondrous Beauty of the Sapphire.

he sapphire is a stone of wondrous beauty, its soft velvety blue is most appealing; it approaches the cornflower in shade, and



Sapphire Ring

exhibits that colour vividly by artificial as well as by natural light. The deeper stones are known as the male and the lighter coloured ones as female sapphires. Again, there are the star sapphires; they are usually cut cabochon or convex; they display under the rays of the sun or artificial light a beautiful star with six points. The bright lines of the star following the light move over the surface of the stone and produce remarkable effects. It is no exaggeration to state that these stones are the most wonderful of mineral productions.

An Exhibition of Sapphires.

he consummate skill of the modern jeweller is shown in the lovely I specimens pictured on this page. They form part of the unique collection of sapphire ornaments that have been assembled by the

Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company in their salons, 112, Regent Street, W. In the brooches sapphires and diamonds are seen in happy unison, while in the rings the "gem of gems" stands alone. Everyone who visits this establishment will recall Hichen's interesting novel, "The Slave," and it is safe to predict that they will experience the same feelings as the heroine when she gazed on gems of the first water. Was it not the Bishop of Rennes in the twelfth century who praised the sapphire above all stones?



A Sabbhire Ring

Alliance of Sapphire and Diamonds.

There is no more fashionable alliance than that of sapphire and diamonds. Nothing but the issuals the diamonds. Nothing but the jewels themselves can give any idea of the extraordinary beauty of the combination of these stones. illustrations that accompany this article only give a superficial idea of the wonderfully artistic designs into which diamond and sapphires



A Diamond and Sapphire Brooch

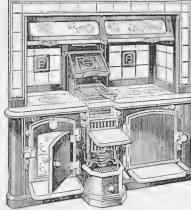
First Thing Every Morning

Drink Hot Water & Lemon

Flush Out "Acid Stomach" and Intestinal Accumulations

have been fashioned by the Goldsmiths Silversmiths and Company. By the way, sapphires are sometimes carved, and in bygone days they were frequently worn as amulets, Like everything typically feminine, jewellery has its fashion, even some precious stones suffer an eclipse, but this never happens to sapphire.

This Model No. 276 has an inner glass oven door. Progress of cooking can be seen without opening door. Fully described with other models in our Free Booklet T.H.



# A Herald of good things

When fitting your kitchen with Cooking equipment, bear in mind the undeniable merits of the Herald Range-its reliability, efficiency, low fuel consumption, perfect heating of water, simplicity of working, sound construction and finish. These essential features and many other patent facilities have maintained the wonderful reputation held by this Range for over 70 years-a reputation which is your safeguard. Choose a Herald-the Herald of good things.

May we send you our Free Booklet T.H., which fully describes and illustrates the various designs and sizes.

Sole Makers and Palentees

The PATENT RUSSELL & SONS, LTD., Peel Foundry, DERBY.

#### A FEW HERALD ADVANTAGES:

Perfect cooking en-50% fuel saved. Abundance of Hot Water Patent Lifting Fire. Fire Table and Fall Bar.
Heat Indicator to Oven. Patent Steel Fire-bars. Reversing Patent Damper Hot Air Ventilator. Pedal Operated Door Opener. Pedal Operated Dust Flue. Patent Hot Closet. Inner Glass Oven Door.

Most of us suffer in some degree or other from acidity. Due to our sedentary habits, unnatural eating, excessive smoking and other abuses of health, too much acid forms in the stomach and the system. The excess acid causes acidindigestion with gassy fullness, sourness and burning. It sets up putrefaction of the waste matter in the bowels, which in turn breeds poisons that are absorbed by the system and makes us dull, lazy, and headachy.

One of the best things you can do to reduce acidity and combat auto-intoxication is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This is a splendid way to clean cut the stomach and intestines and make the whole digestive tract sweet and clean. You can make the hot water and lemon doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder. This is a fine old natural alkaline-saline aperient that has been used for years to counteract acidity and the putrefactive processes in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will

All chemists will supply you with Kutnow's Powder. Get about four ounces to start with and use it every morning for six or seven days. See the change it brings in your condition. You'll take a new interest in life. You'll be conscious of a new strength and energy and you'll be more eager for work and play. You'll sleep better at night. The whole world will look different to you because you'll be internally clean. If nothing else than for a test, get four ounces of Kutnow's Powder to-day at your chemist and begin taking it to-morrow morning.

# Visit Roussel and be fitted with this gloriously



You can order by post with POST ORDERS. Correct fitting guaranteed or money Give size of bust, hips (stripped) and total height. Prices: Long-Belt combined with hand made Brassiere in finest French Lace as illustrated. In pure silk elastic £9 9 0 In firm thread and silk elastic £5 15 0. In thread elastic £4 4 0.

# soft pliable Belt

ROUSSEL, the leading Parisian corsetier, has created just what the active woman yearned for -a belt which will control her figure gently but firmly and yet allow as much freedom as her sports clothes.

The ROUSSEL LONG-BELT is woven to shape in softest, flexible elastic. Light and airy in wear - luxurious as silk. Its slim length tones down awkward contours and moulds the figure immediately to the correct outline.

A Belt by Roussel is the perfect foundation garmentgiving complete support where needed without the slightest restriction. There are Roussel models to suit every type of figure. Come and see them at the Regent Street Salons. Six months' adjustment service given with every belt.

# On sale only at

# J.Roussel (of Paris) 177 Regent St. (Dept. E) W.1.

And 8a Thurloe Place, Opp. Brompton Oratory, S.W.7

PARIS 83, Boul Malesherbes

HAGUE 21. Noordeinde

AMSTERDAM 14, Leidschestraat

ROTTERDAM 57c, Coolsingel

BRUSSELS 144, rue Neuve LIEGE

ANTWERP 13 rue Vinave d'île 1, rue Quellin

CONSTANTINOPLE PERA, Place du Tunnel



**ALL-ENGLISH** CLEANER PRICE

£12 - 12 - 0Including attachments. Rack for attachments supplied FREE. HIRE PURCHASE TERMS-

£1:3:4 deposit 12 monthly payments of £1 Solly by allleading Electrical Contractors, Stores and Ironmongers.

WRITE for descriptive literature, sent POST FREE.

factory service. This is only one of the many household tasks you can lighten by the aid of MAGNET Household Electric Appliances, consisting of Irons, Kettles, Toasters, Fans, Fires, Water Heaters, Wash Boilers, Cookers, Grillers, Floor Polishers, Appliances for the Toilet, etc.

-because, indeed, it will do better

everything that a first-class cleaner should do, and give years of satis-

### **ELECTRIC** LABOUR SAVING APPLIANCES

Manufacturers (Wholesale only)
THE GENERAL ELECTRIC CO., LTD.

Head Office and Public Showrooms:

MAGNET HOUSE, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2.

Branches and Public Showrooms throughout Great Britain

### Pictures in the Fire-continued

time as cleaning the teeth, I am unable to offer any definite advice in this regard, but I should think it might make you feel a bit bird's-nesty and musty at early morning tea-time. If you shave at 10.30 p.m. you ought not to look like an old-time burglar by 5 a.m. unless you are as prolific in hair-growing as the gentleman who won his fight against the Philistines with the lower jaw of a Jerusalem donkey.

he Trappist silence business in the early morning is sometimes over. done. A particularly charming person I happen to know is a case in point. One morning when she was staying in someone's house the new head parlour-maid, who had been particularly well brought up and never went into anyone's room until she got the pass-word, came to the hostess in rather a flutter and said she could not make Mrs. Dormouse hear. The hostess thinking something must be very wrong, and knowing that her dear friend was not deaf, advanced to the attack. She discovered the guest looking perfectly ravissante in a kind of Eton-blue fishing-net thing she wears over her hair trimmed with little pale yellow roses, and she up and spake: "Clarice, are you all right?" she said; "Dickson said she knocked three or four times when she brought your tea, and got no answer! She thought you must be dead!" "I heard her all

right," said the charming lady; "but Elizabeth, ladv: you've known me long enough to know that I never talk in the morning." This, I think, is carrying things a bit beyond the limit, though be it at once said I am all against the person who is capable of singing "The lark now leaves his watery nest" at 5 a.m.

One word more about this fox-hunting business before we get going in earnest; you should endeavour never to consort or stay with people who are not only bad starters themselves, but have a way of delaying everyone else around them as well. The kind of person I mean is the one who, when you have got into great-coat, cap, muffler, grabbed whip and any other impedimenta, and the motor is pawing the ground in its desire to swish off to a tryst twelve miles and a bittock away, calls you back and says:

"Have you got your . . Oh, never mind . . . but didn't you leave it on the hall table

LORD WIMBORNE AT DRAMOUR

A camera might put some people off their shot, but it did not do so in this Wimborne, who is so well known in the hunting and polo worlds, has a grouse moor at Dramour, Perthshire

And then even after you're in the car and it is well on the move shouts something else at you which you cannot possibly hear, but which causes the chauffeur to stop and ask you if you want to go back and find out what it is all about, and then when you lean out of the window the well-meaning delayer shouts, "Oh, it's all right—go on— I thought .

A mongst a number of letters about our polo adventures in America I have received the following one from Toronto from someone who admits that he knows nothing about polo, and therefore I think his views are all the more worth having. The letters by the cognoscenti I am compelled to hold up for the moment. My Toronto correspondent writes:

I hope you will pardon me for the liberty I am taking in writing to you regarding the recent International Polo series. I went down to Meadowbrook to watch the second game and, not being a regular follower of polo matches, I must plead ignorance of the finer points of the game. But I was struck by one outstanding feature of the play, namely, that the American side had better ponies than the British side. I have always been an enthusiastic reader of your excellent articles appearing in The Tatler, and I am wondering if you would clear this point up in one of your future notes. Why should the American be able to procure better ponies than the British team? Am I right in believing that the best ponies hail from Australia and New Zealand—if this is so, surely it isn't a question of money which favours America.



EVENING CLOTHES BY AUSTIN REED'S of REGENT STREET

Dress Coat 7 gns  $\cdot$  Dinner Jacket  $4\frac{1}{2}$  & 6 gns  $\cdot$  White Waistcoats 10/6 to 21/-  $\cdot$  Trousers 45/-

AUSTIN REED LTD. LONDON

as it is now, was practically inaccessible

fifty or sixty years ago, and that the chances of his being crossed with anything are most unlikely. He was and is the aboriginal terrier of the Highlands.

and Cairns of a sort can be seen roving about everywhere north of Inverness, which is his true headquarters, as now there are few to be seen in Skye, his native place. By his many merits he

has made himself most popular in the

# Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

By the time these Notes appear the autumn season, both of Shows and Field Trials, will have begun, as these Notes should appear on the first day of the Show of the Scottish Kennel Club at the Waverley Market, Edinburgh, to be followed next week by the Show of the Kennel Club at the Crystal Palace. The Field Trial season is also well started, so the holiday-time season is now over. Members, in making arrangements, must bear our Members' Show in mind; it is on December 4.



KEESHONDS

The property of Mrs. Last and Miss Wallace

The keeshond is now making steady way in this country; he is an extremely handsome dog and very good tempered, and especially good with children. It is an evidence of the ability of British breeders that the keeshonds in England are now superior to those that can be seen abroad; in fact, I believe there are now very few in Holland. Among their admirers are Mrs. Courthope Last and her sister, Miss Wallace, who send me a picture of their team. Mrs. Courthope Last owns the famous bitch Ploentje, who has won many prizes.

Miss Wallace also has some very fine

Miss Wal dogs. Kee and are even and are even to take it with the intering take it with kennels at aken. Mule to commaking an Langley is

The Ca admian ancestry

HONINGHAM BAWBEE
The property of Lady Ailwyn

ists and can give special Triumph Service and advice both at their showrooms and

service depots.

Miss Wallace also has some very fine dogs. Keeshonds are very adaptable, and are equally happy in a town or on a walking tour. Mrs. May has had a very successful season with her boarding kennels. She is prepared to take in any dog whose owner is wintering abroad, or who cannot take it where he or she is going. The kennels are heated and all care is taken. Mrs. May much prefers people to come and see the kennels when making arrangements, and as King's Langley is so near London this is easy.

The Cairn terrier has so many admirers that his origin and ancestry are constantly under discussion. People with more zeal than knowledge advance strange theories oblivious of the simple fact that he came from a district which, remote

NDS

t and Miss Wallace

Another terrier which is seen everywhere, both on the bench and as a companion to "the man in the street," is the Sealyham. Ever since his debut at shows some years ago his popularity has gone on increasing; his quaint appearance is most attractive, and he is a dog of great character and personality. Lady Ailwyn is one of his most devoted admirers, and her Sealyhams are well known on the bench. She sends a picture of her miniature Honingham Bawbee, and says, "I claim him to be the smallest in the world; he is perfectly proportioned, house-trained, over distemper, and for sale," She adds, "I have some most lovely puppies for sale, and a darling, very small, a I I - w h i t e

all-white nine-monthsold dog. All are healthy and sweettempered. Lady Ailwyn's dogs are under her personal supervision, which always makes a difference.

All letters should be addressed to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, near Southampton.



CAIRN PUPPIES
The property of Mrs. Orford

Phone: Mayfair 5323.



17, BERKELEY STREET, W.1.



Manufacturers: (T), V.K. ROTARY CO., LTD., LONDON, S.E. 12.



#### PRINCES HOTEL BRIGHTON



Situated in Hove, overlooking the famous lawns, and in easy reach of four Golf courses.

#### Princes Hotel offers the maximum of refined comfort,

with its many charming self-contained Suites of Rooms and the acknowledged excellence of its cuisine & service.

SINGLE OR DOUBLE ROOMS WITH & WITHOUT PRIVATE BATHROOMS.
TARIFF—APPLY MANAGER.

Telegrams: Princes Hotel, Brighton. 



Opened in September, 1929—available for boys from 13.

For Commerce and Engineering, where vocational training is combined with the best Public School tradition.

Chairman of the Governors: LORD TEYNHAM. Headmaster: Mr. R. A. GORDON CANE, B.Sc. The boys are housed in a modern Mansion of more than 100 rooms, 400 feet above sea-level, in its park of 300 acres overlooking the sea; the Welsh mountains and the lovely Clwyd Valley. Bracing Climate. Bvery modern convenience has been installed, including Hot and Cold shower baths; all Cooking and Lighting by Electricity. Central heating in all dormitories. The dietary is ample and includes fruit, which makes the usual tuck-boxes unnecessary. Boxing, Rugby Football, Hockey, Cricket, etc. Model Office for business instruction. Engineering shop for experimental work.

Fees: 150 Guineas per annum inclusive, with reduced terms when necessary for the sons of Ex-Officers and the Clergy.

For particulars and prospectus apply to:

THE HEADMASTER, KINMEL SCHOOL, DENBIGHSHIRE.

## Petrol Vapour-continued

Carosserie.

One of the really big developments that the 1930 Olympia will be able to claim as its own is the coming of the metal-panelled Weymann body, in which all the advantages of a flexible construction, which allows the chassis a certain amount of "play," are combined with the smartness

of appearance which the rigid body has hitherto monopo-lized. Whilst there are, no doubt, some owners who are quite sincere in their conviction that the ordinary fabric body looks all that a body should, it is obvious enough that they are in the minority. And rightly so, for most of them begin to look a bit shabby as soon as their first fine showroom newness has begun to wear off. Then again an all-fabric body is, in truth, not too easy a thing to keep clean. Per contra, when all that part of it that is below the waist-line is made of metal panels with a glossy surface the car will carry quite a lot of "road-bloom" and still not look ill-tended. No one need have any difficulty in predicting a big success for the new Weymann principle, which seems to have all the advantages of most of the systems of body construction that have yet been devised. Already many coachbuilders are specializing in it, amongst whom may be mentioned Gurney, Nutting, and Co., some samples of

whose craftsmanship in this new métier that I have recently seen being exceptionally beautiful both within and without. The way in which the rigid metal panels are applied to a more or less flexible foundation is extremely ingenious, for no matter how road inequalities cause the chassis and the body as a whole to "flex," no local stresses are set up, and consequently there is no likelihood of squeaks or rattles developing. By this means a desirable external appearance is combined with light weight and a very pronounced durability.

Not so far distant is the time when every home will have its own electroplating outfit. Mother will



AT THE TAUNTON VALE GYMKHANA

Mrs. Barran and Mr. M. O. Bucknall (Quantock Staghounds) competing in the Inter-Hunts' Jumping Competition at the recent Taunton Vale Hunts' Gymkhana at Jordans, Ilminster

Not so far distant is the time when every home will have its own electro-plating outfit. Mother will easily and speedily re-touch those dull spots on her plate Father, after brightening his car fittings, will sit down and replate his golf clubs, while little John will anxiously was his opportunity to replate his various toy treasures Such a possibility is created by the production of a portable electro-plater which completely revolutionize electro-plating. This method so simplifies electro-deposit ing that no longer is it specialized job but an achievement anyone car accomplish. The process entailed is an electro-chemic cal one, and similar to the which takes place who metal is plated in the usu way by immersion in the electro-chemical "bath"except that with this portable electro-plater the "bath" is brought to the metal by the absorbent spray pad.



# Prestige

Prestige—like Rome—cannot be built in a day. Or in a month. Years of unremitting, undeviating adherence to the highest standards go towards its development. Prestige, founded upon achievements of the past, implies a promise to the future. The past successes of Castrol—the pioneer work in which it has played so prominent a part, on land, sea and in the air—justify its present leadership... guarantee its future quality. Castrol, the Product of an All-British Firm, by very reason of its prestige, is pledged to public service.

WAKEFIELD

# CASTROL

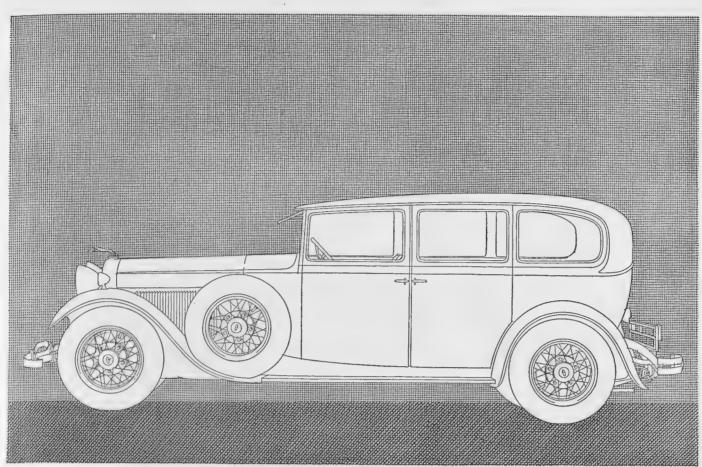
QUALITY is the Best Policy

C.C. WAKEFIELD & CO., LTD., ALL-BRITISH FIRM, LONDON, E.C.2

MOTOR SHOW OLYMPIA

Stand 350

GRAND HALL GALLERY



THE LINCOLN-ALL ENCLOSED LIMOUSINE

# . . . THINGS YOU HAVE NEVER DARED DEMAND BEFORE

We invite that special class of motorists, who have an infinite capacity for appreciation, to ask things of the Lincoln that they have never dared ask before to Demand an engine so flexible and powerful as to make you master of all roads, speeds and endurances to Require a chassis so robust and flawless that it will carry you swiftly and luxuriously over more miles and through more years than you would believe possible to Ask for upholstering, springing, body construction and finishing that challenge the attention of experts throughout the world to Demand materials, precision limits of

building and perfection in the car as a whole that you would not have dared demand or expect before \* \* The more you require in a motor car, the more the Lincoln will delight you \* \* See these superb cars and study them at your leisure in their beautiful showrooms, or ask for a Lincoln to be sent to your door, without charge, wherever you may live, for an extensive trial run \* \* As you study the Lincoln, demand every good, sincere thing you can think of in a motor car \* \* Ford Motor Company Limited, Lincoln Car Department, 88 Regent Street, London, W.1.

# THE LINCOLN

## CAR CAMEOS

#### The New Humber Snipe

here can be no doubt the 1930 Humber Snipe was one of the most I striking cars to appear at last year's Olympia Show. It bore evidence, to an extent beyond that of perhaps any other British production, that there was a new force of imagination and enterprise at work in the automobile arena. In plain words, Coventry, in the Snipe, materialized a direct and capable answer to the "American invasion." Both at home and abroad it has deservedly established a vogue—as to the former application the numbers I see on the road are sufficient testimony of its popularity.

The new Snipe model, although it differs only in comparatively minor points from the 1930 type, is a much improved car. And it is a very joyous thing to drive. Here is a power-weight ratio with which one can

certainly do great things and do them, too, in an unexceptionable manner. I did not confine the example I had the pleasure of trying merely to main roads-upon which it so sublimely easy to hog past most of the things that come alongbut by way of a change, gave it a good caning over rutty lanes, carttracks, and even places where scarcely tracks existed. Through this ordeal it came as to the manner born, for it is definitely and genuinely built for hard work of the high-performance sort.

The new down-draught carburetter has brought about a big increase in power without any encroachment upon those other charming qualities which have so long been associated with what is under the Humber bonnet. There is more ultimate speed and a good deal more snap in the The engine, by the way, is now fully pump-cooled - with radiator-shutters of course. I tried hard to make it unduly warm on a hot day, but failed. The silent-third four-speed box now has central gear change, since

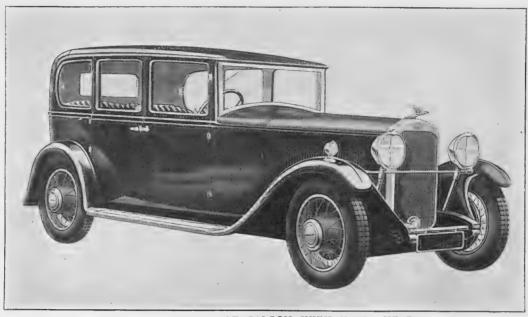
for overseas purposes so many of these cars will be made with left-hand steering. It is a real silent third, and the change either up or down is

simplicity itself.

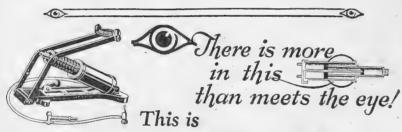
A thing that appealed very strongly to me was the new steering, particularly the thin three-spoked finger-grip wheel-which rather suggests the handle of a golf club—with all the various controls nicely arranged in the centre. A better grouping could not be desired. I think there ought to be a better word than "artistic" for the new instrument board though I cannot at the moment think of one. The whole lay-out is very

attractive to the eye, and everything "works" as it as it should do upon a first. class car. I have not quite made up my mind I have not whether the big hubs of the wire wheels add to the mien of what was always a "good-looker." But inside and outside the detail, finish is absolutely above criticism.

I do not hesitate to assert that the Snipe Humber is one of the productions of which Britain has best reason to be proud. All round it is a very fine motor-car -a great deal better than some of its rivals would like to believe. In the just-under-£500 class of car it is, in my judgment, the best thing we have ever done. There is no need to wish it success.



THE HUMBER SNIPE SALOON WITH FIXED HEAD



NO ORDINARY PUMP—it is in a class by itself, and fully patented. The most efficient tyre pump in the world because of its super-charged action and the quality of its workmanship. An engineer's production from beginning to end, perfect in every part—and GUARAN-TEED FOR EVER. Discard the old hand-pump and invest in a KISMET. It will last a lifetime.

TWO-IN-ONE FOOT-PUMP

Your choice of Models

KISMET DUPLEX "MASTER" 58/6

KISMET DUPLEX "JUNIOR" 40/and the KISMET "POPULAR" 21/
Illustrated Catalogue post free from the Patentees and Sole Manufacturers,
WM. TURNER & BRO. LTD., EYRE WORKS, SHEFFIELD.



This New Model is the last word in pressure gauges with a natural FLAT reading surface. The shape of the head is also flattened to give a firm finger grip. A scientific instrument machined and plated with a jewel-like finish. Works to the finest limits of accuracy. From all good Dealers or Garages, or direct from the Manufacturers.



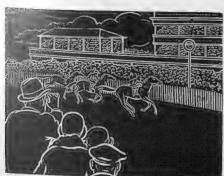




# THE COSIEST COAT AND THE SNUGGEST

OF RUGS





and shorter to give a more fashionable silhouette to the wearer. You can get the coats from  $8\frac{1}{2}$  gns., while for 5 gns. the rug is also yours.

EVERY GENUINE MOTOLUXE BEARS THIS LABEL.

# Insist on the name and ask for the Foot Muffs that match ... 39/6 You can obtain Motoluxe productions at all leading stores.

Write to Lee Brothers (Overwear), Ltd., 39, Eastcastle Street, London, W.1 for illustrated brochures giving full particulars of Motoluxe Coats and Rugs.

Wholesale enquiries only to:-

LEE BROTHERS (OVERWEAR), LTD., 39, EASTCASTLE ST., LONDON, W.1

### Motor Notes and News

At one time gear wheels were simply made as well as the particular workmen knew how to make them, and if they proved to be too appallingly noisy they were either scrapped or titivated with an oil-stone



THE ROLLS-ROYCE "PHANTOM II" SEDANCA
Which won the Concours d'Elégance at Chambre d'Amour at Biarritz

until they were considered good enough to pass. As time went on our standards improved and various devices were employed to test the gears after they had been made. Some of these are purely mechanical, such as the Maag tooth-measuring instrument, which can detect an error as small as one twenty-five-thousandth part of an inch. A more interesting scheme is the so-called projection method, in which a silhouette of each actual tooth is thrown on to a screen by means of a sort of magic-lantern; the silhouette is very many times the size of the tooth itself, so that any imperfections can be detected. Quite the most modern and ingenious method, however, is that employed at the Rover works. After all, the chief reason for requiring the highest accuracy in the gears is to prevent noise, so the Rover people get right to the root of the thing and measure the noise itself. A pair of gears is mounted on a special

machine in a sound-proof room and is rotated by a small motor Adjacent to the gears is a microphone, coupled to a four valuamplifier such as might be used in a wireless set. Instead of loud-speaker at the output end, however, there is a dial with finger which indicates the exact noise made. By this simple and so u n d "

means, a definite standard of perfection is attained.

ar Mart, Ltd., have taken over the sole distributorship of Mercédès-Benz cars in Great Britain and Northern Ireland. The Mer-British cédès-Benz showrooms at 37, Davies Street will be carried on by Car Mart, Ltd., under the title of "Mercédès Benz" and the mano f agement Mr. Cyril Chamberlaine, who has been connected with Mercédès-Benz cars in this country for many years.



MR. MAURICE WHITE

Of Pool Farm, Corsley, Wiltshire, receiving the £1,00 cheque which he won in the recent "B.P." competition which was advertised in these columns. Mr. White we the only competitor who arranged the ten properties of petrol in the exact order of merit as determined by the majority votes. 444,644 entries were received, and, is accordance with the terms of the competition, a cheque for £5,558 Is. has been sent by the British Petrolem Company to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' Personal Fund in aid of the British Legion—this sum representing 32 per coupon received



# OUR GREATEST COMPLIMENT

TOWN TOWN THE WASHINGTON

After exhaustive tests, with their lives at stake, Major Costes and Lieut. Bellonte decided that though their great flight to New York was essentially for the credit of French aviation, they could not risk using other than-

BRITISH

# K.L.G PLUGS

K.L.G. SPARKING PLUGS, LTD., PUTNEY VALE, LONDON, S.W.15.



Dunlop tyres and Lucas electrical equipment standard.

a complete range of other Triumph models on

STAND 6 Olympia, Oct. 16th to Oct. 25th.

### THE FINEST SMALL CARS in the WORLD.

TRIUMPH MOTOR CO., LTD., COVENTRY.

London: 218, Great Portland Street, W. 1 (1st Floor).

### For Feeder and Initial Air Services

THE advantages of air transport for pleasure and business purposes is being increasingly recognised, and the provision of suitable aerodromes adjacent to large towns and cities, which is being effected in all civilised countries, opens up opportunities not hitherto available, for rapid transport from place to place. This proves the solution of the problem created by congested road traffic in the neighbourhood of all large



The Westland "Wessex" is fitted with three Genet Major engines, any two of which will maintain the machine in flight. Even should two engines cease to function the machine loses height very slowly and the pilot has time to select the best possible landing ground without undue anxiety, ensuring a sense of security from accident not obtainable with any single engined machine.

The "Wessex" maintains a cruising speed of 95 m.p.h. for  $5\frac{1}{2}$  hours with a pay load as a passenger machine of 1,100 lbs. or as a goods machine 1,200 lbs. Total fuel consumption of all three engines is 18½ galls. per hour. Catalogue on request.

Manufactured by

CBranch of Petters Limited

YEOVIL ENGLAND

ALSO MANUFACTURERS OF THE FAMOUS WAPITI GENERAL PURPOSE AIRCRAFT AS USED BY THE R.A.F.

# The TREASURE COT Co., LTD.



Every winter's day and night contains a threat to children's well-being. Yet all of them may be fully met with Chilprufe Pure Wool—most protective, ever-cosy garments, able to endure the greatest strain.

Chilprufe's fine fabric, elastic without any tinge of harshness, does not suffer through regular tubbings. The appealing design and painstaking finish never fail to win utmost approval.

# CHILPRUFE for CHILDREN

With Chilprufe Quality at its customary high level, the new lower prices offer the keenest practical Underwear values to be had. From our stock, which includes a number of new models, every need of childhood and infancy can be provided for.

NEW ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST on request.

The TREASURE COT CO., LTD.

(Chilprufe Department),

103, OXFORD STREET, W.1

#### RUGBY RAMBLINGS-continued

Everybody was glad to hear that the Rugby Union president, Mr. W.T. Pearce of Bristol and Gloucestershire, had accepted office for another year. Have you ever noticed, by the way, that the West Country presidents have all been notably successful? F. H. Fox of Somersed was the first, then came T. C. Pring of Devon, then W. S. Donne of Somerset, and now W. T. Pearce. I am not quite sure about F. H. Fox but all the others have been honoured by a second year of office.

Mr. Pearce was in town the other day opening a fine new ground for the Old Paulines at Long Ditton. The St. Paul's old boys ought to be able to turn out a strong side, and they certainly beat the Old Blues rather decisively on this occasion. The Old Whitgiftians, now in their twenty-fifth season, are running six fifteens, and as they have nearly all their old players available they are looking forward to a prosperous season under their new captain, J. B. Hornby.



IN MULL: MRS. F. B. DE KLÉE

At Mrs. Murray Guthrie's house party at Torosay Castle, Isle of Mul Mrs. Klée, who is a daughter of Mrs. Murray Guthrie, is the wife of Major F. B. de Klée, The Blues, and the little boy's name is Murray. Mrs. Murray Guthrie is a daughter of the late Sir John Leslie, Bt.

The Old Alleynians, again under the leadership of A. F. Heppenstall have a notable recruit in the person of D. H. Frankford, one of the two outstanding schoolboy centres of last season. The other was A.D. Gerrard of Taunton School, and one would like to know for whom he playing.

"LINE-OUT."

#### AIR EDDIES-continued

world, and certainly I know of nowhere where a lower rate may be had. But with the alteration in the amount of the subsidy in November, when the club, in common with the others, will receive £10 for each pilot trained instead of the present fee of about £50, it may be that the flying-rates will have to be increased. The club is making a great effort to avoid this, and Flying-Officer R. J. Bunning has suggested that it will be possible to avoid raising the flying-rates if each member of the club obtains one new member. When the club first reduced its flying rates to the present figure the result was a notable stimulation in the amount of flying done, which compensated for the loss attending the reduction. Low fees and a lot of flying seems to be the war cry of the Norfolk and Norwich Club, and in this the club has proved its wisdom.

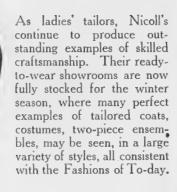
A copy of "Wings," the club's paper, has just reached me. It is well produced and contains good articles, and it avoids the devastating excess of facetiousness which mars some club journals. It is to be hoped that the attempt of the club to increase membership sufficiently to keep its flying fees at their present low figure will succeed.

The extra bay of the R 101 was successfully introduced, and perhaps by the time these notes appear she will have started on her flight to Egypt and India. The most that I can do is to wish her a good voyage, and to add that personally I should prefer to go in a Puss Moth.

# Tailored FASHIONS

d

# NICOLL's of REGENT St.



C

This smartly TAILORED

Two-Piece

# **ENSEMBLE**

Ready to Wear, 8 GUINEAS.

Scotch herring-bone tweed, Nutria Lamb collar, latest straight line back, with fancy strappings, wrap-over skirt with the new basque top.

HATS. Smart Autumn Models in Fur Felt. From 30/-Send for illustrated folder.

BLOUSES. In the newest material. Crêpe Suède. From 24/6

Nicols of Regent Struk

Tailors since the Regency.

H. J. Nicoll & Co., Ltd., 114-120, Regent St., London, W.1

# "Keeps in the Best of Health with PHOSFERINE"



# MISS MADGE ELLIOTT,

the charming Actress, now playing in "The Love Race," at the Gaiety Theatre, writes:—

BEWARE of the English climate' was what I was told by my fellow-countrymen in Australia when they heard that I was 'going home,' for we in Australia always think of England as Home. Now, no home is complete without Phosferine, and England is no exception to the rule, for I have found it as popular here as in my own country, where, from the Boundary Rider to the Business Man, Phosferine is the universal tonic and preventive. Hence climate has no terrors for me. On the slightest sign of a chill or 'run-downness' I just take one or two doses of Phosferine and I am right again in no time, thanks to your excellent tonic."

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better, and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given to the children with equally good results.

# PHOSFERINE

The Greatest of all Tonics for

Influenza
Debility
Indigestion
Sleeplessness
Exhaustion

Neuralgia Maternity Weakness Weak Digestion Mental Exhaustion Loss of Appetite

ress Neuritis Faintness on Brain Fag Anæmia

Lassitude

Nerve Shock Malaria Rheumatism Headache Sciatica

From Chemists. Tablets and Liquid.

The 3/size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

Also take PHOSFERINE HEALTH SALT the Tonic Fruit Saline—It tones as it cleanses!

Price 1/6—double quantity 2/6.

Aldwych

## Sex-appeal and Set-appeal at Olympia

Latest Developments in Radio Result from Feminine Influence
By EAMON GARRY

With the closing of the great Radio Exhibition a pivotal point in wireless reception is reached—the new season, now beginning, introduces the Radio Age in which no home will be complete without its set. During the past year radio licences have been issued at the average rate of 20,000 a month, and the national total showed that 30 per cent. of the families in the land had sets. The late exhibition commenced a nation-wide campaign with the slogan, "A radio set in every other home."

Behind this slogan is a new conception of the potentialities of wireless. In the past it has been regarded by many as a hobby for amateurs to tinker with in the courageous endeavour to find as many stations as possible. The result was a new competition in stories. The old anglers' yarns and the amazing claims of motorists gave place to "I got Chile" or "We listened-in to Nanaimo," or "Last night we heard the natives of Hawaii strumming on their ukuleles, and in the background we could hear the surf breaking on the shore." Lies, be it known, are the excrescence of all hobbies!

But now radio is out of the hobby stage. It has proved itself to be a human necessity as essential as the water supply and as easy to obtain as turning it on. During the eight days the Exhibition was open to the public more than 125,000 passed through its turnstiles. They were representative of a hundred times more who listen-in daily. Of that record number of visitors a goodly proportion were women. That is another eloquent indication.

Women have, in the past, been regarded as not having a technical mind. Having regard to the fact that the latest radio sets have reduced dials, knobs, and switches to a minimum, there may be a modicum of truth in this. On the other hand, the traders who exhibited at Olympia confessed that the keenest questioning on technical matters came from the women visitors. One expert was so completely floored by the insistent examination by a woman that he had to send for a trade-paper editor to come and help him out!

Those two facts point, with unerring finger, to the path along which the new season in radio will progress. Radio as a necessity, radio as a woman's companion. To be without a set, now that the B.B.C. programmes have so vastly improved and foreign stations are so readily obtained, is to be conscious of a blank in life. Builders are now erecting

houses with all the wiring for radio laid on, and the loud-speaker but into the wall behind a decorative grating.

Perhaps the explanation for the fact that women are now exerting their influence in set construction is to be found in the antidote to long liness that radio can be. The psychology behind radio is interesting Man, being a gregarious creature, seeks companionship in this club or even less salubrious surroundings. His wife may be left lonely in the house for hours. It is then that radio becomes her companion, and be the turn of a switch the music and drama of the whole world is brought into her room to dissipate the loneliness of a hundred occasions.

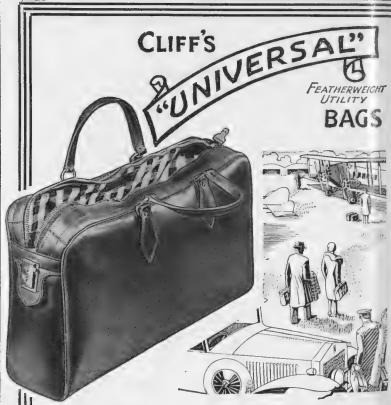
Already there have been formed more than one Women Listene Club in different parts of the country. This fact is indicative of a new interest that is occupying the feminine mind. Time was what radio was solely a man's affair. That was in the days of the crucial crystal-set and the later days of home-made apparatus, and still at the intricate sets of many valves and miles of wire. But that day past. Radio sets are now more simple than the gas-stove. You to on entertainment as you turn on water. Not even the least technical minded woman can go wrong with it.

And be it noted—stated here with the reverential awe that a subject demands—that the B.B.C. are also conscious of the nation sex-appeal. A careful study of the programmes will show that it the woman-listener whom Savoy Hill is anxious to please if not placed. The everwhelming majority of items broadcast are calculated to interest or entertain women. This policy starts in the morning with a help talk such as the "Where Your Food Comes From" series now proceed ing from 10.45 to 11 a.m. From that point, throughout the day, women and their peculiar interests are specially catered for.

Because of the increasing feminine interest in radio the B.B.C. a paying particular attention to female requirements. To that end to services of women are being more and more enlisted by that organization on the Board of Governors is Mrs. Philip Snowden, who is very keen on seeing that her sex are adequately serviced. There are many of expert women engaged in different phases of the corporation's activities and now women announcers are being regularly employed.

From the late Exhibition emerges this fact: A great nation campaign is in progress to bring the joys of radio entertainment into the lives of the people. Women, having got over their instinctive fright of mechanical instrument, are becoming the most enthusiastic radio far and now that the "service after purchase" policy is being applied over the country, radio is robbed of its last terror—what to do with the set when it goes wrong. The solution of that problem will be—send the man who sold it to you!





## For TRAVEL, SPORT & SHOPPING

Made in 5 sizes—15, 18, 21, 24 and 30 inches—in Real Goatskin (Tan, Blue, Green, Beige and Red), English Willow Calf (Brown only), Morocco (Tan, Blue and Green), English Pigskin (Natural), Waterproof Covert Cloth (Brown, Blue, Green, Beige and Red), with leather trimmings to match. Suitable for Golf, Light Shopping, Motoring, Air Travel, Week-ends, Tennis, etc., etc.

Prices: £1 1 0 to £4 10 0

Obtainable from Leather Goods Shops and Sports Dealers.

MADE BY JABEZ CLIFF & CO., LTD., WALSALL, STAFFS.

# BEAUTY FOR YOU

Helena Rubinstein is back in town with new notes on make-up and the arresting results of her researches into the correction of the effects of summer -squint lines, parched skins, weatherbeating and the rest. Without this care your skin must suffer sadly and deterioration soon appear.

Helena Rubinstein, the worldfamous scientist, brings you beauty, swiftly and surely, for she has devoted her life to studying skins and their reaction to climate the world over, and has unveiled the answer



HELENA RUBINSTEIN

of science to every need. Directly you use her preparations you feel them moulding sagging contour into youth, clearing and closing pores relaxed by heat, and rebuilding starved tissues. Now, on the threshold of Autumn's cold and fogs, such help is indispensable. Use it, and you will understand why, in a world of beauty experts and preparations, Helena Rubinstein stands supreme.

You are cordially invited to call or write for individual prescription, freely given; or to the single lessontreatment, which is an insurance policy for beauty.

## FOR THE FASTIDIOUS:

CLEANSE with Water-lily Cleansing Cream, the luxury cleanser of the world, which, embodying the youth-giving essences of water-lily bads, brings new life to the skin. 10/6, 20/-

CLEAR and animate the skin with Valaze Beautifying skin food, correcting sallowness into which tan fades, muddiness and surface sunburn, and making the skin exquisitely transparent. 4/6, 9/6

BANISH LINES with Anthosoros (the Grecian anti-wrinkle cream), smoothing away squint lines and crowsfeet, wrinkles generally, and the shrivelled appearance on face, neck and hands. 5/6, 10/6

RESTORE FAILING CONTOUR with Valaze Contour Jelly, by use of which the clear-cut lines of chin and jaw are restored and maintained. No one over twenty-five should neglect this. 4/6, 8/6

BRACE the skin with Skin-toning lotion, making it fresh and young and giving an excellent foundation to powder. 5/-, 9/6

WIPE AWAY the most obstinate freckles with Valaze Freckle cream, which whitens and purifies the skin without drying it. 5/6

PROTECT from cold and cutting winds, at least as harmful as scorchng sun itself, by Valaze Sun and Windproof cream, and thus prevent coarsening and broken veins. 5/6, 10/6

REFINE colour, cure those ugly veins and correct puffiness under the eyes with Valaze refining lotion. 5/6, 10/6

THE NEWEST MAKE-UP, at once chic and becoming, is the fitting setting for your beauty, Valaze rouges, red geranium, red raspberry, and for the conservative woman, crushed rose leaves lend an arresting cachet (4/6), lipsticks to match (4/6). Valaze waterlily powder, in exquisite shades, the most perfect powder in the world. 8/6

Helena Rubinstein LTD.

24, GRAFTON ST., LONDON, W.1

NEW YORK



models for travel, town, country and sport

Made from Burberry-proofed pure wool Tweeds and Coatings—fabrics that are not only Warm without Weight and Proof without Heat, but exclusive both in pattern and colour.

Burberry Coats, apart from their elegant design, rich material and fine workmanship, are practical to the last degree. They provide the

> warmest of overcoats on cold days, and best of weatherproofs when it's wet

as well as the lightest, and most comfortable, top-coats for mild days.

If you cannot inspect these coats personally, mention of "THE TATLER" will bring catalogue illustrating models, and patterns of the latest fabric materials

IJRBERRYS HAYMARKET

HAYMARKET

Model

C594

# Maintaining Appearances/



WHATEVER assembly one WHATEVER assembly one enters, the personality of a smartly dressed man is felt and respected. To be well dressed is a social duty. And this is easily carried out when your suits have a "COURTINE" LINING.—woven by COURTAULDS. The firm, glossy texture maintains the shape and comfort of every garment. Both yarn and finish are chosen for dependable wear. "COURTINE" LININGS of all colours and weaves are of all colours and weaves are definitely guaranteed against fault. Your tailor can match any cloth.

Ask your tailor to use



If any difficulty in obtaining "COURTINE" LININGS, write direct to the manufacturers: COURTAULDS, LTD., 16, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C.I



"The Sphere's" Travel Bureau was inaugurated a few years ago specially to help readers to overcome the many difficulties that arise when the problem of holidays is being discussed.

In its new form the Travel Section is one of the most popular features of the paper. Useful and practical information is given each week of tours by rail, sea and road; and beauty spots and health resorts all over the world are fully illustrated and described.

All Travel queries are promptly answered by post.

Enquiries should be addressed to-

"The Sphere's" Travel Bureau, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C. 2

## The Doll's Wedding-continued

On a nearby table was a silver salver. Into it the guests tossed little sealed envelopes and cards. It was piled up, it overflowed with envelopes and cards. All a part of the wedding formalities.

One night in the year that old mansion lived anew, redivivus. The rooms were full of people laughing and talking. A crowd constantly pressed close to admire the doll. Famous. Young girls and boys moved about with plates of refreshments—sandwiches, salads, beaten biscuits olives, nuts, and bonbons; jellies, cakes, creams, and confections; coffee in small Sèvres cups and punch in glasses. Somewhere hidden a small The French doll's wedding was a gala orchestra was playing. occasion.

"How quite expensive must be an entertainment like this," whispered Mary Hatcher to Mrs. Benson. She lighted a cigarette in a long amber holder. "Yet one can see the two old sisters are as poor as can be-

old tumble-down house—threadbare, aren't they?"
"Hush, don't speak of it," answered Mrs. Benson warningly. 'Nobody ever asks questions about this reception. The Shaws love giving it; it renews their knowledge that they are still 'quality,' and a of us love the comic fiction of the French doll's wedding."
"Quelle drôlerie!" cried Madame Hatcher once more.

Just after midnight the people began leaving. Proud and happy the two Misses Shaw bade their guests farewell. Mrs. Benson kissed Miss Mary's thin cheek. Miss Lavinia smiled and held out her hand. The tottering colonels bowed as low as their rheumatic spines would allow them. First-cousin-twice-removed Billy Horsley said: "Demme! 4 mighty fine party. You gels somehow contrive to make playing dolls a pleasure." And he chuckled immoderately at his own good humour. Mary Hatcher told the ladies that she had been ravished by the mise-en-scène.

Gradually all the guests had departed. The reception was over In the street the automobiles flashed their yellow eyes right and left departing. By one o'clock the very last car had gone. The wife of the Armenian grocer left her watching and went to bed. The riff-raf had long ago melted away. The houses were dark. The street was quiet. The doll's wedding was over. To-morrow the shabby truck of the ice-coal-and-wood dealer would stand before the closed-up Shaw house as it usually did. Another year —

In the kitchen the old negro woman grumbled sleepily as she stacked china and counted silver. So many things to be washed on the

morrow.

The sisters entered the parlour where the bride's bower was. There stood the bride on her console, looking woodenly before her, smelling of musk, or maybe lavender. An absurd little puppet, an inscrutable

object hiding some secret.

Miss Lavinia looked over the wedding presents. Mary searched quickly amongst the cards and the envelopes. She tore open the latter. One envelope contained two five-hundred-dollar notes, some disgorged ten- and twenty-dollar bills. There were gold pieces, too, in cute little No clue on anything as to who had given the money-only on the envelope that had the notes of high denomination was a little blob of black sealing-wax. Miss Mary crumbled it immediately because she saw the crest of cousin Billy Horsley—Lavinia must not know that. She disapproved entirely of the stubborn, incorrigible, generous old fellow. She sorted the money in neat little piles.

"Well, sister?" queried Miss Lavinia, embarrassed and anxious. "Two thousand three hundred and forty dollars in cash." She did not look at her sister. "Two thousand three hundred and forty dollars."

"I am sure the presents will bring seven or eight hundred more if disposed of judiciously at the Woman's Exchange," announced Miss Mary.
"We are secure in our home, sister, for another year," whispered

Miss Lavinia in a low, husky voice.

Somewhere a bell chimed two o'clock. Miss Lavinia put the money into a chamois-skin bag. Miss Mary extinguished the lights.

The impoverished, proud old ladies had played their game, and their friends and relations had respected their pride as well as their povertyproud as Lucifer, poor as Job. It was all such a tragic, happy fiction,

the French doll's wedding once a year, and Society coming with presents for her, presents and money delicately hidden.

Across the street the wife of the Armenian grocer slept heavily beside her husband in a sour-aired room with moulding and cornice. The Shaw mansion shut its eyes on all sordid surroundings, shut its eyes for another year. The two old ladies toiled upstairs with their bag of money.

The doll's wedding was over.

The Tourist Development Association of Egypt has just issued a most attractive little booklet, "Egypt and the Sudan, 1931," and its appearance is most opportune, for at the particular moment anyone who may know what Egypt and the Sudan are like in winter, all champagne air and cloudless skies, will be thinking of booking his or her passage. For those who do not know, this publication will be indeed a guide, philosopher, and friend, for it tells you all about it and is extremely well written.



# Immaculate OVERCOATS

As a matter of sheer convenience alone the speedy service of Moss Bros. is unequalled. But when you consider that not only can you secure an autumn overcoat in a matter of minutes, but that overcoat will fit you perfectly and be of the exact shade and texture that you require - it's really remarkable.

This time and money-saving service applies to all Kit for Town or Countrya service that has made Moss Bros. famous the world over for Ready-to-Wear.

Overcoats from 5 Gns.

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

WAVAL, MILITARY, R.A.F. & GENERAL OUTFITTERS

of Covent Garden

(CORNER OF KING ST & BEDFORD ST.) LONDON, W.C.2.

Wires: "Parsee Rand, London."

### Notes from Here and There

Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W. 1, plead for £12 to help a gentlewoman who is ill and in sore need. She lost her husband about a year ago, and after matters were settled she found herself with no income and



MISS ENA DE LA HAYE

The beautiful Rumanian film actress, who made a most successful stage appearance last week at the Arts Theatre in London in Henri Duvernois' play, "Devant La Porte"

diminishing balance. While looking for work as a governess (she was one before her marriage) or companion she became very ill and was rushed to hospital for an operation. After long weeks she began to recover and the doctors now say that she should be able to work again in six months' time. Of course her savings are almost exhausted, and she has now come out of hospital without a penny to her name. Her great worry is how to tide over the next few months and fit herself to become a wageearner once again, for with her present re-sources she will be starving in a few weeks. We appeal for sufficient to help her during this difficult time, and plead for donations sufficient to give her an adequate allowance for six months.

For the darkening evenings "His evenings

Master's Voice '' have just issued several records which will enrich the home entertainment. To begin with, the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Arturo Toscanini, give us Rossini's exquisite overture from *The Barber of Seville*. This sublime work, faultlessly reproduced, makes an irresistible appeal to everyone, and for its sheer goodness must be added to one's

collection of prized pieces. Another spirited favourite is the overture to the Caliph of Baghdad, now rendered by the Berlin State Orchestra, and the The Chicago Symphony Orchestra contribute with Glinka's Russlan and Ludmilla overture they flood the room with rare melody.

The Grand Hotel at Diablerets is a most attractive spot for the winder, Situated within two hours by train from Montreux, at an altitude of 3,700 ft., this makes an ex-

cellent winter-sports centre. The outdoor sports include ski-ing, skating, ice hockey, ski-joring, tailing expedition, and sleigh drives, whilst indoors one may enjoy dancing, billiards, Badminton, ping-pong, etc. The sports manager at the hotel will supply any information as regards details of the winter programme.

A snapshot published in THE TATLER and A THE TATLER and sent in to us as that of the Hon. Charles and Mrs. Winn was not correctly described by the photographer as it was that of the Hon. Reginald and Mrs. Winn, the brotherand sister-in-lay of the and sister-in-law of the present Lord St. Oswald. It was taken to be that of second son and daughter-in-law of Lord Headlev. The other, the Hon. Charles Winn, is a brother of Lord St. Oswald. We regret the mistake, which was not of our seeking but due to wrong information.



SENORITA ASUNCION GRANADOS

The new Spanish dancer, who made a brilliant debe at the London Coliseum. The Señorita is only twenty-two, and besides her talent for dancing is out of the common as a player of the guitar



# WOMAN'S GOOD APPEARANCE

depends first of all on the contours of her face and neck. As soon as the skin becomes loose and baggy, as shown in the left-hand photograph, age becomes apparent. By the entirely new and safe HYSTOGEN Electro-Thermic method, the result, as shown in the right-hand photograph, is achieved in a few short visits, and the face and neck made young again, Also wrinkles around the eyes, unsightly noses, ears and lips, and skin flaws etc., are permanently corrected by the latest scientific methods, in from one to three visits

Thousands of Clients have already benefited by this wonderful treatment. Call for a free consultation, or ask for the signed articles written by Lady Maud Warrender, Rosita Forbes, Margery Lawrence, Gilbert Frankau and other prominent people, who have investigated the Hystogen Treatment for the British Public.

HYSTOGEN (Est. 1910)

40, BAKER STREET, LONDON, W.1



# UNIQUE COLLECTION OF PICTURES

by H. M. Bateman, the famous TATLER Artist

There can be no more welcome Gift than one of the Pictures by H. M. BATEMAN, printed in full colours.

The Series, in addition to the one illustrated, includes :

- 'The Guardsman Who Dropped It"
- "The Man Who Threw a Snowball at St. Moritz"
- "The Curate Who Saw Red"
  "The Débutante" "Very Well Meant"
- "The Man Who Crept into the Royal Enclosure in a Bowler"
- "Behind the Scenes at Wellington Barracks"
- "The Favourite Wins" "Stand Easy"
- "The Man Who Missed the Ba'l on the First Tee at St. Andrews"
- "The Man Who Lit His Cigar before the Royal



"THE THIRD ENCORE."

"The Umpire Who Confessed He Wasn't Looking"

Figaro Chez Lui"

"The Girl Who Ordered a Glass of Milk at the Café Royal"

"The Discovery of a Dandelion on the Centre Court at Wimbledon"

"The Croupiers Who Showed Signs of Emotion" "The Cad Who Was Improperly Dressed on the

"The Man Who Begged to Differ from His Mother-in-Law"

"The Man Who Bid Half-a-Guinea at Tattersall's"

"And Now, Dear Admiral, tell us all about the Battle of Jutland!" etc., etc.

Small Reproductions in Half-Tone of the Entire Series will be sent post free on application.

Size of Work  $14 \times 10$  ins., on plate sunk mount 25 × 20 ins. Copies 10/6 each, Signed Artist's Proofs, 20/- each.

Postage 6d, extra.

Order with remittance to be sent to Dept. "E."-

THE TATLER, INVERESK HOUSE, 346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2

# The aristocrat of leather clothing



Fashion experts have cut Gazelda to give style and freedom. From forty-five beautiful shades you may make your choice.

Pliable Gazelda suede falls softly to the figure; the trim line of a Gazelda garment does justice to the famous leather from which it is made.

Your Gazelda coat will always look like new. Rain cannot spot it or hard wear injure its smooth finish. You have only to brush it when you put it on to preserve its fresh appearance.

See that you get genuine Gazelda: the label on the coat is your guarantee.

All best class shops sell genuine Gazelda.

Price-Five Guineas.

Gazelda Regd. Trade Mark

GAZELDA LTD., WATFORD, ENGLAND





67-69, Chancery Lane, Holborn, W.C.

# SUBSCRIPTION RATES

OF

# THE TATLER

Published Weekly at 1/-	Twelve months including Double and Xmas Nos.	Six months including Double Nos.	Three months no extras,
AT HOME	£3 3s. 0d.	£1 11s. 6d.	15s. 9d.
CANADA	£3 Cs. 8d.	£1 10s. 4d.	15s. 2d.
Elsewhere Abroad	£3 11s.9d.	£1 15s. 10d.	18s. Cd.

#### ORDER FORM.

To the Publisher of The Tatler, Inveresk House,

Address\_\_\_

346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2

Please send me THE TATLER weekly

for \_\_\_\_\_ months, commencing

with the issue of \_\_\_\_\_

for which I enclose\_\_\_\_

Name\_\_\_\_

D-4-

# The new Shaving Cream

# SMOOTH VELVET

Mennen Shaves have always been cool, refreshing and rapid. Now, the new Menthol iced Shaving Cream provides a still cooler, fresher after-effect which you will find delightful. This wonderful Menthol-iced Shaving Cream is sold in orange-striped tubes and cartons. Get a tube to-day and enjoy the coolest shave you have ever had.

At all Chemists, Hairdressers, and Stores, in large tube 1/6.

## ABAD DUINDHZ



Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86, Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C. 1

Please send me, Free and Post Paid, a Mennen Sample Kit containing Mennen Menthol-iced Shaving Cream, Mennen Standard Shaving Cream, Mennen Talcum for men and Mennen Skin Balm.

Address..... COUPON

How far is it from Leeds to Launceston? Reading to Rhyl?



Road

MILEAGE

Chart

will tell you!

A new and useful "gadget" for Motorists. Slides easily, folds flat, showing the most important towns in England, Scotland and Wales. A total of over 7,250 mileages is given. Send for one To-day.

Price 3s. 6d.

Post Free 3s. 10d.

### LIST OF HOTELS.

# SUNNY ST. LEONARDS ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL

A famous hotel which has celebrated its centenary but is modern in all its appointment. Real comfort and quiet awaits you. Electric lift, private suites, central and electric heating, large public rooms, famous chef, first-class cuisine and vintage wines.

Write for illustrated booklet. Inclusive terms from 4½ Grss.

### **TORQUAY**

Sea Views.

# VICTORIA & ALBER

FIRST CLASS LEADING HOTEL

Choicest Wines.

# HOTEL DE LONDRE

Exclusive Menu.

The most modern and the best clientele.

## CROWBOROUGH, SUSSEX — CREST HOTEL

IN THE VICINITY OF ASHDOWN FOREST

800 feet above sea level.

Extensive Grounds. Hard and Grass Tennis Courts. Near Golf Links. Garage. All Bedrooms with Running Water. Central Heating. Excellent Cuisine and Service Phone: 394 CROWBOROUGH.

### LONDON CINEMAS.

REGAL MARBLE ARCH

ALHAMBRA

LEICESTER SQUARE

HERBERT MARSHALL and NORAH BARING

"MURDER"

A BRITISH INTERNATIONAL PRODUCTION

# KINGSWAY

DOORS OPEN 12 noon (SUNDAYS from 6.0) Entire Week Commencing Sept. 29th The Sensational Talkie Drama, A Talking Mystery-Drama

"CONDEMNED,"

'THE HOUSE OF ARROW, featuring RONALD COLMAN. with DENNIS NELLSON MICKEY MOUSE in "BARNYARD CONCERT."

Lt.-Col. RICHARDSON'S Pedigree AIREDALES (for house protection), WIRE FOX, CAIRNS, SEALY-HAMS, SOOTCH (Companions or Exhibitions), COCKERS (all colours), CLOCK HOUSE, BYFLEET Surrey (Stat.: Weybridge), or seen London. Famous or seen London. Famous ready-cooked DOG FOOD. 1/- tin. All Storesorabove.



The Dixie Kennel of SEALYHAM PUPPIES & ADULTS at reasonable prices. Tel. 46 BENTLEY. Seen by appointment i London.

## Let the "GREAT EIGHT" Help You When You Go to Paris and Berlin.

AT the Paris Offices of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS,"
"THE GRAPHIC," "THE SPHERE," "THE SKETCH," "THE
TATLER," "THE BYSTANDER," "BRITANNIA and EVE,"
"THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC STANDARD STA 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at Berlin, 211, Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of all the "GREAT EIGHT" publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

Our Advertisement Agents for France, Belgium and Germany are the Agence Dorland, who should be addressed (regarding French and Belgian business) at 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris, VIIIe, and at 211, Kurfürstendamm, Berlin, W. 15, regarding German business.

For Switzerland and Italy our Advertisement Agents are the Agence Havas, who should be addressed at 8, Rue de la Rôtisserie, Geneva, Switzerland.

# DAYLIGHT SAVING is GOING!

-and with it, most of the summer-time hobbies and recreations.

A recent survey amongst the readers of the Great Eight Illustrated Newspapers proved that the most popular Winter pastime was READING—streets ahead of Bridge and a dozen other dull day diversions.

If reading is your chief Winter Recreation, and you have not yet seen the Magazine of all Magazines—"BRITANNIA & EVE"—you are missing what is probably the most remarkable shillingsworth of modern-day short stories and entertaining reading. Every month more and more people are taking this New Style Magazine and becoming regular subscribers. They say they would not miss it for worlds.

Next time you pass a bookshop or bookstall get

# BRITANNIA and EVE



Here are some of the stories and articles in the October Issue-On Sale Oct. 1st





# Duggie explains-

# "A Monkey Short."

Sir Edward: "That's what I tell them. Commercially, everybody likes to deal with firms that give the best value. Yet, when it comes to racing, even careful men seem negligent. Did you hear of young Hastings' experience?"

" No.' Duggie:

Sir Edward: "He telegraphed his agent £100 each way 'Splinters."

"Fortunate young man! Won at 8 to 1, didn't it? So he won £1,000." Duggie:

Sir Edward: "Should have done. Unfortunately, his bookmaker never received the telegram and offered to pay £500 in settlement. Would you have advised him to accept?"

"All depends, Sir Edward, on what his agent's rule said about lost telegrams." Duggie:

Sir Edward: "Oh, it simply read that no responsibility was accepted for lost telegrams."

"That being so, I think your friend should accept the offer." Duggie:

Sir Edward: "That's what I told him. At the same time I pointed out that had you been his agent he would have been paid in full. I believe I am correct in saying that?"

"Quite correct, Sir Edward. I not only accept full responsibility for telegrams that are never delivered, but also for those that are wrongly transmitted." Duggie:

Sir Edward: "Excellent. By the way, Stuart, what about the 'Tote'?" "Same terms, Sir Edward-No limit, 'Tote,' or S.P." Duggie:

"Duggie Explains" series are based on actual conversations held with clients, but names used are entirely fictitious.

"Duggie" is Waiting to Open an Account with You.

"Stuart House," Shattesbury Avenue, London.